

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY EVENING

At No. 16 Merchants' Exchange,

BY EUSTIS PRESCOTT & CO.

Terms.—Three Dollars a year, payable in advance.
Four Dollars when sent out of the United States.All Letters to receive attention must be forwarded
and free.

PRINTED BY GARVIN & ROGERS,

No. 763 Maiden Lane.

THE CONSTELLATION.

LOOSE SHEETS,

Picked up by a Stroller.

NO. IX.

MR. EDITOR.—In looking over a heap of old papers, belonging to a literary friend of mine, I came across the following. It appears to have been written during the holidays, though in what year it is difficult to tell. How the little witch of moonshine could have waited her letter to its destination, is a mystery to me;—unless, indeed, there is more of truth than fancy in her allusion to Morgan's ghostly mail. There is no doubt, however, about the authenticity of the epistle; for the chirography is most delicate and lady-like; and the paper is as frail and transparent as gossamer. If I should find any more fragments of this curious aerial correspondence, I will peruse them for your benefit. Verily the clouds must be singularly freighted, if they rain such dew as this!

Yours,

Letter from the daughter of "the Man in the Moon."

My Dear —, I received your queer letter,

In reply to my last, Sunday night about three,

And really you never wrote any thing better.

Since first you began to change fancies with me,

I am greatly obliged for the sketch of the fashions,

That you were so kind as to put in P. S.;

And as you know I dislike those circassians,

I flung to the shadows my ugly old dress.

I notice the great alteration of style

In bonnets, since last from your quarter I heard,

And George, to be plain, 'twas a very short while

Ere my old one was off, on the air, like a bird;

It all was old-fashioned—the whole of my dress—

Not fit to be seen in a circle polite;

So I was away, in a minute or less,

In search of the milliner girl, Lucy White;

And as quick as young fingers and needles could fly,

I was decked in the fashion, from top-knot to toe,

So that now I am willing—but when you come by,

Just call! I'm "at home" to you always, you know.

I regret it extremely, that you were not here

At Christmas, to spend a few days in the moon;

I suppose the attraction's so great on your sphere,

'Twill prevent us from seeing you here very soon:

You cannot imagine how pleasant the time

Passes off in the moon while the holidays last,—

The weather (a phrase of my brother's) "was prime,"

And the gay happy hours ran away very fast;

Mid-me Venus, you know, at the time was quite near us,

And looked like a queen in her beautiful ear,

And though so far off that she couldn't quite hear us,

Yet she was quite neighborly then, for a star.—

But Pa is no friend to the beautiful thing,

Not even denying that he hates Lady Venus;

The "star of the evening" we never may sing,

And all conversation's forbidden between us.

Though I frequently visit those palaces fair,

That float in the motionless ocean of air,

And have called, for a moment, at most of the stars,

In fact, once or twice, have e'en chatted with Mars,—

Yet the moment that Venus is mentioned, you see,

Pa puts on a frown—such a thing cannot be!

The stars are all up, and most brilliantly burning,

And now, while I'm writing, my spirit is yearning

To take a wild drive in my phaeton to-night,

While the radiant Galaxy's pathway is bright:

And as I look off in the distance afar,

Away in the blue, there is star after star,

Gleaming brightly and sweetly, each one in its home,

All lighting the depths of the limitless dome;—

Along the broad sky, to its uttermost verge,

Like the bright spangles flung from the crest of a surge,

Those lights of the sky glimmer gaily along,

A beautiful, lovely, and numberless throng,

Each one like a diamond set there in its place,

Bright gems in the archway that canopies Space!

There!—don't you believe what I told you before,

That Apollo has given me lessons in rhyme?

I'll tell you.—I used to let Fancy roam o'er

The realms that were bending above so sublime,

And so, when Apollo was with us one day,

With a bit of rose-paper my pen was at play;

He shily looked over my shoulder to see

On what girlish thing I so busy could be:

So when he had seen me write nonsense enough,

(I own to you, George, it was poor silly stuff)

He whispered some hints of his own in my ear:—

(And I blushed while he spoke, not a little, I fear)—

He hinted of this thing, and that, and the other,

And his words were as kind as the words of a brother.

Then, after that evening, whenever he came,

He gave me fresh lessons, though nearly the same,

Yet something appeared every visit so new,

That I hoped his dear lectures would never be through.

But enough of confessions:—my pen is worn out,

And I've crossed every side of my paper about,

Until there's scarce room for a finishing rhyme,

And I cannot, of course, scribble more at this time:

I hope you will write by the very next mail,

Or at least, the one after—be sure not to fail;

Mr. Morgan, the mason, that drives the ash kettle,

Twice a week, through the mists, from the earth to

the moon,

With his crowbar for rudder, and his steeds on their

mettle,

Leaves Rail Roads aerial behind very soon—

Just give him your letter—to Papa's care you know—

Wednesday noon, I believe, is the hour of his flight,

And as he don't wait for old Boreas to blow,

I shall get your epistle by Saturday night.

So anxiously hoping to hear from you soon,

I remain your admirer, THE GIRL IN THE MOON.

NOTES OF A BOOKWORM.

NUMBER XXXI.

A GROUP OF ORIENTALS.—Here was seen the grave, majestic, and graceful Effendi Turk, with snow white turban, jetty beard, sparkling and full eyes, long flowing caftan, scarlet trousers, yellow boots, rich cashmere shawl round the waist, in which shone the glittering gilded *handjar* (dagger)—the light, gay, chattering, active, but cunning-looking Greek, distinguished by his shorn chin, black turban, enormously large but short trousers, bare legs, and black shoes—the grave but respectful Armenian, with his calpac of black felt, swelling like a balloon upon his head; he too wears the long robe of the Turk, but in his girdle the silver ink-horn supplies the place of the *handjar*, and his feet are clothed in the crimson slipper or boot. Next comes the despised and humiliated Jew, whose sallow countenance, contracted eyebrow, sunken eye, and quivering lip, are the characteristics of his nation all over the world; his head bent downwards, as if by the weight of tyranny and the everlasting sin of his tribe, is surmounted by a blue turban, and his slippers are of the same color. With these are seen the high taper calpac of the Tartar, the melon-shaped head piece of the Nizam Djedid, the grey felt conical cap of the Imam and Dervish, and occasionally the ungraceful hat of the Frank, with its concomitant angular, rectilinear, bebuttoned, and mean-looking costume of Europe.—*Capt. Frankland's Travels.*

LORD SURREY.—In the reign of the second Grand Duke of Tuscany, of Lorenzo's family (Cosmo the First), Florence beheld a novel and extraordinary spectacle: a young traveller from a court and country which the Italians of that day seemed to regard as we now do the Esquimaux, combining the learning of the scholar and the amiable bearing of the courtier, with all the rash bravery of youthful romance, astonished the inhabitants of that queenly city,—first, by rivaling her polished nobles in the splendor of his state and gallantry of his manners; and, next, by boldly declaring that his 'lady-love' was superior to all that Italy could vaunt of beauty—that she was 'oltre le belle, bella'—far beyond the fairest; and maintaining his boast in a solemn tourney held in her honor, to the overthrow of all his opponents! This was our English Surrey.—*Loves of the Poets.*

BROKEN HEARTS.—There is a certain cant among authors touching the more delicate feelings of women—their strong susceptibilities—and liabilities to that interesting climax of wretchedness—a broken heart; but I believe there are as many men die of broken hearts as women; indeed the only broken heart I ever saw was that of a man. It was in the Anatomical Museum of the celebrated Mr. Brookes, who introduced it to my notice with all the pathos of which he

was capable. 'Here,' said he, 'is the palpable illustration of—a broken heart!—this heart, this heart, Sir, is the heart of——' 'Of whom?' said I, impatient at his pause. 'Of a coal-heaver,' said he, 'who died suddenly from the effects of that rent, caused by overstrained exertion in carrying a heavy sack of coals!'—*Wilmot Warwick.*

GERMAN TRAVELLING COMPANION.—When I was sitting down to breakfast, this morning, I was startled by a loud rap at the door, and a tall, stately lady walked into my room. She addressed me in a volley of German; I interrupted her in a no less copious strain of French: she did not understand the language, and we gazed in silence at each other. At length, I called a waiter to be our interpreter. 'Madame, or Mademoiselle, he did not know which, was, like myself, anxious to proceed to Carlsruhe, and desired to know if I would pay half the expense of a carriage?' There were no public conveyances, and I readily assented to her proposal. In a couple of hours we set off in a neat open calash, drawn by two good horses.

My companion was 'of a certain age,' but could still boast of fine features and lively black eyes. Our attempts to establish a conversation were, however, truly ludicrous and entertaining. Each endeavor, which each one made in his own language, always terminated in a burst of laughter—the only intelligible mode of communication between us. But as I, every now and then, hazarded a word which I knew to be common to both the English and the German languages, the lady asserted that it was only from spite that I refused to talk, and, persuaded, that my ignorance was feigned, she was often inclined to be seriously displeased.

She called to the *kutscher* to stop at an ale-house. An immense glass tankard of beer was brought out: she insisted upon my tasting it—and upon my tasting it first; then, having taken a long draught herself, she gave the remainder to the coachman, whom I understood to say 'that although he had, that instant, taken a glass of wine, there could be no harm in the mixture.' Was not this one of those scenes which our imaginations always place in Germany?

We stopped to dine at Kastadt. The looks of the lady became more animated: she shook her knife at me, when I did not understand her words; and, at length, found sufficient French to tell me that she thought me a 'joli garçon'; then, taking an immense gold ring from her finger, she desired to exchange it with the one I myself wore. 'What! after an acquaintance of an hour and a half—during which neither understands the language of the other—are proposals of this nature to be expected? Is this the German sentimentalism, of which we hear so much?' Thus I reasoned in my own mind; while in the most polished and verbose French, I declined the lady's offer.

Her curiosity and *degit* at not understanding what was said were most remarkably ludicrous, when contrasted with the loquacious politeness, and afflicted earnestness, with which it was spoken. During the remainder of the journey, she was evidently uncomfortable and embarrassed: but a second glass of beer by the road-side rather restored her equilibrium; and at the gate of Carlsruhe, when a police-officer inquired my name, she replied with a laugh, 'that I was a Frenchman who could neither understand nor be understood.'—*Best's "Transalpine Memoirs."*

COMFORT.—Comfort is said to be a winter idea. On leaving the gardens (at Nismes) I had a good elucidation of what it means in a warm climate. A boy was seated on the stone bank which confines the water in these basins, under the shade of the thick trees, and smoking a cigar, while the stream was gushing out over his feet; he seemed most perfectly contented with his situation.—*Letters of an Architect.*

MANIACAL VIRTUE.—In the neighbourhood of La Bageria, amongst many other noblemen's houses, was one, I sincerely hope the only one of its kind in Europe, belonging to Prince B——, a sort of maniac; the impression it made upon me will never be effaced. On entering the hall, I saw the heads of beautiful women, and the bodies of the most frightful animals; and the body of a man with the head of a mastiff. The family statues were all fancifully clad in suits of different coloured marble, with red stockings and black shoes. The roofs of the apartments were lined with looking glass, so that if five or six persons were moving about a room, it appeared as if an hundred were walking on their heads. Each pane of glass in the windows was of a different colour, and even the clock in the hall was stuck into a giant's body: yet the rooms themselves

were beautiful, paved with fine marble, and containing a profusion of china, and objects of taste and virtue. The prince's dressing room was filled with figures of snakes, scorpions, and other disgusting animals; in short, his whole life seemed devoted to the study of the horrible and disgusting.—*Kelly's Reminiscences.*

BOUNDLESSNESS OF THE CREATION.—About the time of the invention of the telescope, another instrument was formed, which laid open a scene no less wonderful, and rewarded the inquisitive spirit of man. This was the microscope. The one led me to see a system in every star; the other leads me to see a world in every atom. The one taught me that this mighty globe, with the whole burden of its people and its countries, is but a grain of sand on the high field of immensity; the other teaches me that every grain of sand may harbour within it the tribes and the families of a busy population. The one told me of the insignificance of the world I tread upon; the other redeems it from all insignificance; for it tells me, that in the leaves of every forest, and in the flowers of every garden, and in the waters of every rivulet, there are worlds teeming with life, and numberless are the glories of the firmament. The one has suggested to me, that beyond and above all that is visible to man, there may be fields of creation which sweep immeasurably along, and carry the impress of the Almighty's hand to the remotest scenes of the universe; the other suggests to me, that within and beneath all that minuteness which the aided eye of man has been able to explore, there may be a region of invisibles; and that, could we draw aside the mysterious curtain which shrouds it from our senses, we might see a theatre of as many wonders as astronomy has unfolded, a universe within the compass of a point so small as to elude all the powers of the microscope, but where the wonder-working God finds room for the exercise of all his attributes, where he can raise another mechanism of worlds, and fill and animate them all with the evidence of his glory.—*Chalmers.*

THE ALHAMBRA.—There is a Moorish tradition, that the king who built this mighty pile was skilled in the occult sciences, and furnished himself with gold and silver for the purpose by means of alchemy. Certainly there never was an edifice accomplished in such a superior style of barbaric magnificence; and the stranger who, even at the present day, wanders among its silent and deserted courts and ruined halls, gazes with astonishment at its gilded and fretted domes, and luxurious decoration, still retaining their brilliancy and beauty, in defiance of the ravages of time.—*Washington Irving's Conquest of Granada.*

TUSCAN EPISCOPAL DEDICATION.—Having landed at Leghorn, on my way to England with dispatches, in 1800, and, of course, in a pressing hurry to get home, I was vexed and amused with one of those impertinences which will occasionally happen to travellers in Italy. Notwithstanding there were but a few moments to spare, a gaunt stranger intruded himself, bearing a book and a letter; the latter ran thus:

"The most sinistral which of hapness to the Cape Beaver, Inglesse. In occasion of his happy arrival at Livorno. It is two strange that a man should trebble you without having never hapness to present himself to you, but considering how noble your heart is, and the sublime virtues that adorn you, makes a man of genius find in you his only Meenas, who with the usual great bounty receives all those who aims at such a honor. Encouraged by such reflexions, I don't doubt your clemency over my poems, made in occasion of the victories brought over the enemies by a conquering armies, English, Austriache and Muscovits, which, Sir, I send you, flattering myself you will find elegant merit in my works, and hoping from your great goodness an act of generous gratitude, and full of great respect and sincere, I have the honour to be, your omblest Tuscan poet, Nicola Poggi.—*Captain Beaver.*

ANECDOTE OF RACE HORSES.—In the summer of 1831, while Capt. T. and Lieut. R. of the U. S. Army, were engaged on a survey at Canton, near Baltimore, they had frequently noticed Bachelor and Jumping Jenny at pasture in the field of old Canton course. One day after playing some time, the two horses were observed to walk up leisurely, side by side, to the judges' stand, where they stood for a moment and then started and ran two rounds out regularly. After the heat, they played together for a few moments, when they again walked up, side by side, stood at the judges' stand, as in the first heat, and again started, and ran another heat of two rounds.

DITTORELLA 7.

THE CONTRAST.

From *Tait's Magazine*.

See you this picture? Such the once bright look
Of that worn aged woman, bending low
Over the large pages of that holiest Book,
With dull fixed eye, and pale lips moving slow.

What earnest find you in that ruined shrine
Of weary, wasted, poor humanity,
Of the full loveliness so like divine
Of form and face, she were in days gone by?

Is this the figure, wrought in truest mould,
Whose natural grace owned such power to move?
Is this the brow—the glance—whose mirror told
Nought sweet within but joy, and truth, and love?

And more than all, is this the mind that drew
Thought, fancy, feeling, from the meekest thing?
And its own mystery of enchantment threw
Over other hearts, till echoed every string?

This is strange contrast—but how such things are,
Bewilder not thy watchful wondering heart;
For I will show thee contrast deeper far,
And more enduring—yet then wilt not start.

And the spirits of departed worth,
Who now in radiant glory lifted high,
Look down upon the busy fields of earth,
From their ethereal chambers in the sky—

Mechanics already, throned in light, I see
That feeble matron's soul to heaven upborne—
A shining wreath, blessed, pure, and true,
As golden cloudlet on a summer's morn!

And even when dwelling in her life's best hour,
Throned on her cheek, and beauty on her brow,
Oh! was she not a weak and worldly flower,
Displaced with all she is in glory now?

That form, so peerless once, was but of clay;
That heart, tho' warm, was mortal in the clay—
But radiant now in heaven's eternal day,
Each moment as it flies is everglowing

More and more clear the spirit's perfect mind;
Whose holy eye our noblest dangers find,
Views but in sorrow, and compassion kind,
And o'er their stain, lets fall an Angel's tear!

Oh, endless mystery of Almighty Power!
That from the acorn rears the giant tree,
And grants to Faith for a triumphant tower,
The crown that never fades—of Immortality!

CALASPO,

A TALE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

No period of history has been so fruitful in events which excite and interest the feelings, as the days of the French Revolution. We speak of the epoch, to which this term is put, and we treat will always be instinctively applied—a claim acquired by its concomitant atrocities, to which we hope the annals of humanity have never afforded, never will afford, a parallel.

Of the thousand incidents connected with those times of trial and strange uncertainty, that have been the subject of record, we may take as an example in one line of illustration, the following story. In transferring to the *Atlas* those parts of the narrative suited to our purposes, we ought to notice that the writer, from transatlantic associations, employs the terms Republicanism and its correlatives, in the sense of the times referred to.—*Atlas*.

In 1793, the old game which had perplexed the world, and pilfered Italy a hundred years before, was begun again. The gallant name of Republic covered, like charity, all sins. The Italian was superstitious beyond all living animals—the Frenchman had abolished even the fragment of belief that served for religion under the Bourbons; the Italian bowed down before a whole army of Virgins and Saints—the Frenchman had broken up the Virgins for firewood, dug up the Saints for nitre, stripped holy ears and noses, as counters as the sands of the sea, of their pearls and diamonds, and turned churches and cathedrals by the score into cavalry stables; the Italian honoured a nun, and worshipped a priest, and never thought of the Pope without crossing himself—the Frenchman had routed nuns by the hundred thousand out of their dormitories, harnessed the priests to their baggage-wagons, and made no secret of their considering the Pope as a personage whom they would speedily visit at Rome for the purpose of bringing to Paris as a curiosity. Still the magic of liberty reconciled all the quarrels of the national characters. The name of Republic found an echo in every bosom of beggary, from Genoa to Venice; the Savoyard, whose distinction it was to brush chimneys and shoes through all his generations—the Lombard, who, after the manner of his forefathers, was born to play the usurer on farthings, and raise an agio upon the rejected pantalons of mankind—the Piedmontese, the Man of the Milanese, whose thoughts were of oxen, and whose cerebellum was, beyond all question, but a more dexterous compound of butter and cheese—all were suddenly enamoured of liberty, and all exhibited the popular operation of the panacea in burning their landlords' mansions—refusing to pay rents, tithes, or taxes—in cheating all who would bear to be cheated, and in shooting those who

remonstrated. The whole country was in the most furious yet fantastic confusion.

Among the crowd of landlords who were thus put in perplexity, was the Marquis Spinola, a descendant of the famous officer of Philip the Second, and, like him, a gallant soldier, without being, like him, a lover of blood, plunder, and persecution. Spinola was an Italian of three generations, a noble of quarters enough for the Golden Pleece, and rich enough to have purchased the whole cabinet of Turin. But he had a treasure which he valued above the jewel-house of the Great Mogul, and which he was right in so valuing—a daughter fair, whom an ancient Greek would have called Hebe, or Iphigeneia, but whom the archbishop of Spoleto had christened Melanie Isadora, the united names of her mother and her patron saint. She was a Spanish beauty, lightened by an Italian birth; the fiery glance of the south, softened by Italian languor; the highly pronounced expression of Andalusia, touched with the delicious sensibility of Naples. But what is the use of attempting to describe beauty, or who has ever succeeded in the attempt? Is it not enough to say, that the Signora Melanie was lovely, and what can be said more? Or is the world will insist on having more, let it be satisfied with knowing that her charms actually withheld a German arch-duke three successive evenings from the Loto table, stopped a French prince in the midst of a quadrille, and disturbed the confidantes of a Spanish infant, to the extent of his moving his royal lips to ask who she was?

The Marquis Spinola had become a diplomatist, where he had grown weary of leading the Piedmontese grenadiers, with all the honours of war, in their march from their barracks to the cathedral, and from the cathedral to their barracks. He thought at forty he had seen high masses enough, and became an ambassador. At the court of France he had attended ten years of levees, until even in France weariness seized him, and he thought that a man and a noble might have some thing better to do, even in this worthless world, than idly dressing for court days, playing cards with superannuated Duchesses, and poring over the journals to discover the secrets of the cabinet. He solicited his recall; but rejected as the Minister of Savoy was at the opportunity of patronage, so many were to be attended, such a confix of young Dukes, and old Field-Marshal, found in themselves the diplomatic facilities at the moment, that to decide was impossible without an insurrection of the whole bed-chamber. The gravest courts are sometimes absurd things, and the court of his Sardinian Majesty was not graver than the rest of the earth. During the decision, the Marquis was compelled to remain at his post. But the Parisians soon gave him subjects for his despatches, undecorated by the epigrams of the journals, or the whispers of the royal saloon. Blood, fury, and rebellion, were spreading their sullen wings over the gayest population of the gayest land under the moon. War was even raging in the streets against the throne; the police-houses were cabinet councils, and the languages of the cabaliers and calismen of the thousand d'ers and hoxes of Paris, filled the trumpet with a breath that blew all nations into a flame.

The Marquis Spinola has now no alternative but to withdraw without even making his bow to the Convention, or be shot by the first friend of human rights who objected to his existence.

He was an Italian, and the word implies much. He accordingly kept his own secret, left diplomacy to make its excuses for him, ordered the four best horses that could be found in Paris to be in readiness for him outside the barrier, took an evening promenade through the Palais Royal, with his daughter on his arm, admired every thing that he saw there; applauded a harangue by a half-naked orator, who proclaimed the downfall of all the despots of the globe, and flourished a red flag, bearing the effigy of the unfortunate king in the centre, as a general warning; and then gliding away from the height of republican gala into a bypath in the Champs Elysees, handed the Signora into his chaise de poste, and was gone at full speed.

But what is more rapid than freedom? He found the French, cavalry, artillery, and chasseurs, on every spot from Nice to Turin. His Piedmontese grenadiers, heroes to a man on parade, and six feet two in their rear-ranks, had been so long out of the habit of fighting, that on the appearance of the Frenchmen, they had marched off by whole battalions to exchange the spear for the reaping-hook, and wait for better times. The court had fled, the King leading the van, the Cardinal Legate bringing up the rear, and the whole army in the centre, for security. A whole autumn of banquets, and a whole winter of balls were utterly broken up, and the noble circles of Turin began to feel, for the first time, the misery of being compelled to fight, fly, or labour; to use their own limbs, and the remnant of understandings that time and levees had spared to them.

Spinola drove through the long and lofty streets of the capital, and was astonished at their desertion; he drove to the palace, and was astonished still more. There was neither Count nor Countess, petition in hand for a dozen sequins more to be added to their salaries; the old mob of nobles, distinguishable from their own footmen only by their greater profusion of bows, and their more perpetual smile—all were gone. The grand gallery from which the aides-de-camp and the guards hung like the show of a mountebank's caravan, a basket of apes chattering and grimacing at the world below, was all deserted. Guards, King, Queen, and their whole *menu fretin*, the whole star-

red and ribboned ring that live upon the smallest possible pensions, and shine like the flowers of the field, all were stricken by the blast of the French trumpet from the hills of the Argentiense, all faded away, all vanished like the flowers of spring under the scorchings of summer.

But Spinola, though an Italian and an ambassador, was a man of sense. He at once decided on the absurdity of staying where his only entertainers would soon be a brigade of sans-culottes; of fighting for those who would not fight for themselves, and of flying with the chance of being starved, and the certainty of being robbed if overtaken. His estates lay on the side of the Col de Vars, an extensive district among the mountains, but which is memorable to all travellers for the magnificent panorama of the Alps which it commands, and to all historians for the variety of gaudy exploits which it has witnessed in the French and Italian invasions. In this stately wilderness no French general could find either pictures or prey, and therefore there was the strongest human probability that it would not be the scene of a French general's ambition. The soil was barren, the people were few, but there the noble mountains were scattered, and the sequins none; and for these reasons there was an equal probability that it would be secured by the eye of the Grand Republic, which, in its hatred of kings, involved a love of their property, and declined to bestow liberty on those who were not worth robbing.

The Marquis instantly turned his horses' heads from the deserted city, and drove up his mountains, not what an Alpine journey without a storm, an overcast, and an adventure? They were all in reserve for him. As the snow-top of the Argentiense came in view, it was crowned with one of those turban of cloud, which make so frequent and so sudden a finish to the Alpine picture. The sun and three colours with the indomitable pelouses of the Italian sunset among these wreaths and holes, and the Argentiense in its frontal of purple, scarlet, and gold, looked like the Grand Turk of mountains. But to the experienced traveller, this picturesque sight is a formidable warning, and the postillions were ordered to gallop. The vehicle went on at full speed, but the night began to be angry in his dominions among the higher Alps, and after a few fantastic murmurs and sighs among the clouds, which threw them into still lovelier shapes and eyes, on came the gale. The sunset, so prodigal of beauty, like an earthly spendthrift, exhausting all its wealth in one moment burst of splendour, flooded the sky with carnation, bathed the mountain tops in a sea of gold, showered down purple rather than all the amethysts of Persia, upon the long valley of the Rionnons; and after pausing for a few moments, as it to admire what it had done, plunged into a bottomless abyss of vapour, and was no more. Then came the battle of the elements, the thunder opened all its batteries from cloudy mountain top to the highest heavens. The mist rushed in black battalions along the valleys at their feet; the rivers swelled instantly to torrents, and roared like encountered armies. All was war. Evening was dead and buried; it was followed by a pale procession of gloomy shades, the long lived vapours which belong to tempests among the Alps; then came darkness, midnight darkness, which suddenly covered all like a shroud let down from the skies, and under this shroud the battle still went on, deeper and deeper still, pealing, crashing, roaring.

In this scene further progress was impossible. The postillions were worn out with the quantity of series which they had poured upon their horses during the last half hour of the ascent; the horses were so weary of the struggle, that between the storm and the postillions, they at length refused to stir a step in advance, though they gave sufficient signs of being willing enough to let the chaise de poste roll back, or roll over the precipice, two thousand feet above the white torrent of the Rionnons. The next expedient was to take shelter under the first rock that was large enough to cover them, and wait until the gale was tired out.

But even this resource was not easily obtained. The road was in the state which had distinguished Sardinian road-making since the accession of the first Anas, and which would not have put to shame the original that of Viandeli. It had all the characteristics of an Italian dynasty upon it, and was monkish and Sardinian in every rut and rock, for an ascent of three leagues. The houses of the cantonniers, who had been in earlier days stationed for the relief of travellers, were now devoted to the cultivation of the mosses and ferns of the province; the dweller within had disappeared a hundred years before, and Nature was left to supply the repairs of the edifice, which she did, after her own manner, by a handsome tapestry of weeds and wild flowers. To lead the horses was the last expedient, and the Marquis and the postillions dismounted for the purpose; but the sheets of lightning which alone showed the road, so startled the horses at the same time, that to lead them was as impracticable as to drive. In this extremity a bridge lay before them. The first friend was once the established bridge-builder of the Alps, and well it was for them that he was, for he appears to have sometimes made passable ones. The bridge that now lay before the travellers, unluckily was Sardinian, and it gave palpable evidence of its inferior architecture, by cracking and quivering in every rush of the blast. Still they went on, for the fall of the pines from the heights rendered their stay under the brow of the mountain a matter of the most formidable hazard. The tired horses were drag-

ged to the foot of the little bridge, and, in the pause, the Marquis left his post at their heads to speak a word of cheer to his daughter, to which she made no other answer than by a prayer for her father's safety. He lingered at the door with double fear for the peril of a creature so lovely and so dear; but this painful indulgence was brief; a burst of thunder, that seemed to peel around his very head, deafened him—a sheet of lightning, red as the flame from a furnace, swept and crackled round him. In momentary blindness, and terror he still stretched out his hands to save his daughter, but a general shock, and a crash heard through all the roar of the elements, told him that some fearful catastrophe had happened. With his sight still scared by the lightning, he struggled forward to grasp the carriage. But it was beyond his grasp. Utter darkness was around him; he felt his way a few steps onward, by clinging to the roots of the trees. Still all was vacancy. He cried aloud, he was answered only by the storm. He threw himself on his face, determined to follow his child, whose name he now shouted out in accents of despair; still in blindness and agony, he crept on, until he felt himself suddenly grasped and flung back on the bank by a strong hand. The action was courteous, but the tone of the actor might have suited a rougher service. "In the name of all the saints, where is the lost going?" was the exclamation. "Do you not see that old bridge is broken down at last, and in two steps more you must have gone along with it?"

There was a time when Spinola would have answered this speech with his hand on the hilt of his sword, like the Frenchman when he lectures his wife, or when his sufferer perpetrates an erroneous card. But he now had voice but for, "My daughter, my daughter, my child, lost, lost, lost!" The intelligence evidently produced a pause in his reciter's tones; he asked a hard question about the misfortune. Spinola could tell him no more than that the carriage had been lost in attempting the bridge. But before even this brief communication could be completely delivered, the storm was gone. The sounds of horns, and voices shouting among the hills, followed; but they soon passed away again. The unhappy father was again left to solitude, and the misery of heart that can be felt only by a father.

Towards midnight the fury of the tempest began to go down, and the moon, then in her wane, threw a touch of silver on the tops of the Alps of Chamois. As she advanced, the storm seemed to shrink. Before her, the gale died away, and her light, reflected from the immense plain of cloud that still hung over the hills, threw a wavering and melancholy, but a gleam over the valleys and ravines immemorial, that make such network of an Alpine region. Guided by the rising light, some of the mountaineers had found Spinola where he sat, almost unconscious of existence, and murmuring in broken tones, the language of despair—"My Melanie, my child, my child; but lost, for ever!"

But there were better tidings in store for him. A concourse of the peasants were seen gathering on the side of one of the ravines, exchanging signals of horns and shouts with a group far below. In another half hour, the lower group had ascended, the two now climbed, and the whole party ascended the mountain. Two figures now started from the crowd, and were seen rushing towards the spot where the Marquis lay, unable to move. In another moment he felt himself clasped in the arms of the one who was dearest to him, than the world besides. His Melanie's lips were pressed to his forehead, her voice was whispering consolation to his ears, he felt her tears streaming on his cheeks, and in a rapture of piety and gratitude he fondly thanked heaven for the restoration of his child.

The next and most natural enquiry was, how she had been restored? To this she could make no answer further than she had fortunately fainted when the bridge gave way under the weight of the carriage, and that her first sensation of life was finding herself in the hands of the peasantry, as her first joy was in once more returning to her father. But this brief history was fully made up by the tongues of the mountaineers. "It was all the work of Calaspo. It was Calaspo, whose horn had brought them from their cottages, it was Calaspo who had sprung down a precipice, which nothing but a goat or his infernal majesty ever sprang down before; it was Calaspo who, by main strength, had stopped the carriage on the brink of a declivity of a thousand feet; it was Calaspo's knife that had cut the harness, and let the whole four restive animals go down the precipice in the midst of their kicking and rearing, at the moment when they were dragging the carriage after them; it was Calaspo's hand that had extracted the lady from the carriage door, like a bird from the eagle's nest; it was Calaspo's arm that had carried her up the cliff; it was Calaspo above, below, beginning, and end, Calaspo every where."

"But where is this Calaspo?" said the Marquis, "send him here that I may reward him."

No Calaspo came. He was, at last, found lurking in the outskirts of the crowd, and forced forward Spinola, feeble as he was, advanced towards him, took him by the hand, and telling him the name of those to whom he had rendered such essential service, offered him his protection, and, as a beginning, presented him with his purse. (To be continued.)

The Yorkville, S. C. Pioneer, of the 28th ult. speaks very despondingly of the prospects of the crop, owing to a long continued drought.

MEMOIR OF AN ACCOMPLISHED KNAVE.
Concluded.

As the reader will have gathered, from the tenor of the conversation in last week's Atlas, between Oxleigh and Sir Wm. Gwynne, Fowler, the alleged rightful heir, was kidnapped and carried off to America; where, as some atonement for the outrages upon his liberty and rights, he was furnished with a comfortable allowance, and means of livelihood. We proceed with our extracts.

"Hurry on an interval of several years—for the few remaining scenes of this black drama must now be passed rapidly before the reader's eyes—let us approach the mansion of Job Oxleigh, Esq. M. P., on an evening in the winter of the year 1768. He was entertaining a numerous and gay dinner party, consisting of some of the most distinguished people in the county. Sir William Gwynne was to have been one of them, but excused himself on the score of illness. Many were the toasts that had been drunk, and were drinking; and the health of the host was being proposed, and received with complimentary enthusiasm, when a servant brought in a letter, which he put into the hands of the Rev. Dr. Ebury, the vicar of the parish—a staid and learned man, who after a polite nod to the host, opened it, and read with much surprise as follows: 'The master of the workhouse presents his respects to the Rev. Dr. Ebury, and begs to inform him, that there is a pauper in the workhouse, now in dying circumstances, who has so disturbed, for some time, every body in the house with his groans and lamentations, that it has been found necessary to put him into a room by himself. He says he has something very heavy on his mind and humbly begs the favor of a clergyman's being sent for, when he will make an important confession.' The Rev. Dr. Ebury is respectfully informed, that the man is pronounced to be in extreme circumstances, and that unless the doctor can come immediately, it may prove too late."

Great was the astonishment with which Dr. Ebury perused this letter, which he took an opportunity of reading aloud to the company, as at once a sufficient and very interesting excuse for leaving. He promised to return to the party that evening, and communicate any intelligence he might receive. Mr. Oxleigh was observed to start as Dr. Ebury went on; and when he had finished reading the letter, Mr. Oxleigh turned deadly pale. Fortunately, however, for him, he had been complaining of indisposition several times in the course of the evening; and what was really the consequence of consternation and guilt, was readily attributed to those around him to the cause he assigned. His hands, his whole limbs shook; and his eyes looked glassily around the no longer welcome company; for the full frightful misgivings that his name might be implicated in the confessions which the clergyman was going to receive!

When Dr. Ebury reached the workhouse, he was conducted alone to the bed-side of the man who had wished to see him. He sat beside the gaunt and ghastly figure of a once tall and powerful man. The eyes were sunk and fixed, the flesh fallen away from his high cheek bones, his bloodless lips were retracted, and his huge heavy hands, comparatively fleshless, clasped together on his breast, as in an attitude of prayer. He looked a fearful figure—the remnants of a ruffian.

Dr. Ebury knelt down beside the dying man, and uttered a few words of prayer over him.

"And what have you to say to me, my friend?" inquired Dr. Ebury, as soon as they were left alone. The man bent his staring eyes glassily on the clergyman, and with some difficulty, owing to a convulsive twitching about the throat, gasped, "Ay, sir, ay! much to say, and short my time! Lord have mercy upon me! O, good Lord, pardon my wicked soul! Lord!—Lord! forgive me, and I will confess all! The man's limbs shook, and his lips worked to and fro violently, evidencing the presence of terrible emotion. He then gasped and faltered, at intervals, somewhat to the following effect: 'Doctor, I have lived in guilt almost from a child—woe to me that I was ever born! I have been a robber, a smuggler, and even—yes—his retracted lips disclosed the white of his teeth in a frightful manner—a murderer! Ay—I have! But there is nothing weighs down my soul so heavily in these my last moments, so heavily as one wickedness I have done to an innocent, unoffending man—for, black and cruel as it will seem, it may yet be in my power to make amends. I shall break my oath—here a convulsive twitching seized his whole frame, and Dr. Ebury, under the apprehension that the man was dying, called for assistance. It was nearly a quarter of an hour before the power of speech returned. "Sir, will God curse me if I break an oath I ought never to have made?" Dr. Ebury solemnly replied, "No; especially if breaking it will tend to repair the evil you have done!" The man seemed encouraged.

"It is more than eight years ago, now, sir—close going for nine—that a man of the name of Isaacs and I, both being smugglers at the time, were hired to help in kidnapping a man of the name of Fowler—" "Fowler?" exclaimed Dr. Ebury, bending down breathlessly to catch every word, uttered more faintly every moment by the dying man.

"Yes, sir—Fowler was his name, William Fowler—and him off to America, and Isaacs with him; and cruelly did we use the poor harmless fellow!"

"And why was it all?" "Because sir, our employer told us he stood in the way of their rights!"

"What were their names?" inquired Dr. Ebury,

bending down his ear to the very lips of the dying man, to catch every breath of sound.—"Sir William Gwynne, and—Squire Ox—Ox—leigh!"

Dr. Ebury turned suddenly pale, and almost overthrew the chair on which he had been sitting.

"Go on—go on! God give you strength to tell all you wish, and truly!" "Amen! amen! amen!" replied the dying man, closing his eyes. His breath was evidently beginning to fail.

"Speak, before it is too late—relieve your soul!"

"Mr. Ox—Ox—leigh—paid me—had in all, hundreds

of pounds—Fowler—now in America—house—olive

—New-York—Isaac—Order to kill—save—pray!"

The wretched man's voice ceased, and gave place to a horrid choking, gurgling sound—his hands quivered a moment with final agonies—there was a sudden start—his jaw dropped—his eyes looked upwards with a fixed and lustrous stare—and Dr. Ebury sat gazing on as fearful a corpse as he had ever witnessed.

He was so stunned with what he had heard, that he did not think of moving for some minutes from his seat beside the dead man. "Sir William Gwynne!" Mr. Oxleigh! he repeated, scarcely believing he had heard the words aright. He left the workhouse with such agitation in his countenance and trepidation in his gestures, as sufficiently alarmed the master and others whom he encountered, and who knew the dangerous errand on which he had been summoned. He returned not to Mr. Oxleigh's party, but hurried to his own house, betook himself to his study, and instantly committed to paper what he had heard, determined what ever might happen, to preserve such a faithful record as he could swear to.

About an hour after Dr. Ebury had left the workhouse, Mr. Oxleigh made his appearance there, having suddenly dismissed his visitors on the plea of illness.

"Is the man dead, sir?" he inquired falteringly, from the master. "What—the man Dr. Ebury came to see an hour or so since?" "The same—ay, the same," replied Oxleigh, hastily. "Yes, sir. He died while Dr. Ebury was with him; and he has—"

"Give me a light, sir, and let me be shown into the room alone. It is of consequence, said Oxleigh sternly,

and presently, with a candle in his hand, entered the

room where the corpse, yet untouched, was lying. He

shut the door and locked it; approached the corpse, and

let the light of the candle fall upon the ghastly

features. His own countenance was blanched in a

moment. "So—it is you! Pain—no ruffian!" he

gasped in a low choked tone, his body half recoiling

from that of the dead man; his eyes gleaming with

a diabolical stare upon those of the corpse; his left

hand elevating his candle, and his right with the fist

convulsively clenched, extended, for nearly a minute,

in quivering contact with the face of the deceased. He

struck the cold corpse—and then, overcome with horror,

sunk down into a chair; his candle dropped—was

extinguished—and then the dead and living ruffians

were left together in darkness.

In a state of distraction bordering on frenzy, Oxleigh

made his way from the workhouse, smearing the people

he passed by the wildness and agitation apparent in

his countenance. He hurried on horseback to Gwynne

Hall, and asked hastily for Sir William Gwynne. He

was informed that the baronet, feeling worse that even-

ing, had been some hours in bed. "Never mind,

sir," said Oxleigh to the thunderstruck valet; "show

me into Sir William's chamber instantly. Tell him

my name, and that my business is of mortal conse-

quence!" The valet returned shortly, and conducted

Mr. Oxleigh at once to the bed-side of his master.

"Well sir—well, commenced the baronet, in a low

and hurried tone. "What is the matter? For God's

sake, sir, what has happened?" he inquired, in still

greater agitation, seeing Oxleigh stand speechless, and

the image of despair.

"Sir William, it is all over with us; we are pro-

venanced!" at length replied Oxleigh, in a gasping

whisper, laying his shivering hand on the baronet's

shoulder. Sir William sprang up in bed, as if he had

received an electric shock, tossed off the bed-clothes,

and lay curved up and crouching in the midst of them,

with his hands clutching the hair of his head, and his

countenance full of frightful expression. It did little

more than reflect the horror-stricken features of Ox-

leigh. There was a guilty pair! The baronet, with-

out having uttered a syllable slowly sunk again into

bed, and lay there, absolutely gasping. Neither of

them spoke. At length Oxleigh recovered himself

sufficiently to say, "Sir William, Sir William this is

very truth; but we must not shrink in the hour of

danger. We must meet it like men. We must, Sir

William," he continued, eyeing the dumb-struck, stupe-

fied baronet, who scarce seemed to hear him, but mum-

bled to himself. At length Oxleigh distinguished the

words, "Is it death, or transportation?"—"You are

rambling, Sir William! What are you talking about?

It is weak to behave thus, in such an awful crisis.

Remember how you have implicated me, Sir William."

The baronet was roused by these last words from

his lethargy. He turned his head suddenly towards

Oxleigh, looked at him a few seconds, and then sud-

dently leaped towards him, grasped him by the collar,

and shook him with frantic fury, exclaiming, "You

defend! you defend! To talk thus to me!" He had hardly

uttered the words, however, before his hold relaxed,

and he dropped into the bed again, in a swoon. Ox-

leigh rung the bell; and when the valet made his ap-

pearance, informed him he was going to bring the

physician, and suddenly left the Hall. He hurried

through the lonely park on foot, and when he had

reached the thickest clump of trees, he paused, leaning against the glistening trunk of an old ash, and, with folded arms and bent brows, pondered his fearful fortunes.

"What is to be done! Dr. Ebury has taken down his confession, and has not returned, as he promised to my house! Then he knows all! Messengers will be sent off to America, Sir William and I shall be arrested, we shall be confronted with Fowler in a court of justice—or—I must away betimes! And yet suppose, after all, the man died before he could make confession! Suppose he was unable to speak distinctly! Suppose he has not told names—has not mentioned me—and all is yet safe! There is a straw to cling to! But suppose he has! My neck aches! I must away! I must leave all behind me. Yes—Sir William Gwynne! Well—what if I do leave him? Would he risk his life for me? Then why I for him? I entered into all this to serve my ends, not his! I must away—be off to America! This night—ay, this very night—and alone! If I had but known where the cursed scoundrel that has betrayed me was to have been found, I would have silenced him! Oxleigh clenched his hands involuntarily, as though they were grasping the dead man's throat. "This is why he has been descending the last six months from Sir William and me—the pitiful villain—the cowardly, treacherous devil!"

He sprang from where he had been standing, made for where he had fastened his horse, galloped at his utmost speed over the highway, and was soon at home. After a night of terrible agitation, he determined to take the earliest opportunity of calling at the vicarage, and seeing Dr. Ebury, where he could but learn the worst. By ten o'clock he was knocking at the vicar's; but to his consternation, he found that Dr. Ebury had set off an hour before, in a carriage and four, for London, in company with Mr. Parkhurst, a solicitor in the neighborhood. There was no mistaking that move, thought Oxleigh! He returned home, and hastily wrote to Sir William Gwynne: "Fate thrusts me from England. When you read this, I shall be on my way to foreign parts. I can do no good in England for myself or for you. I leave you bound to the stake by your own weakness. Accursed, damned be the hour I ever saw you, or discovered the means of my ruin."

He altered his intentions suddenly, however, after writing and sending the above note to Sir William Gwynne; for his terrified domestics found him that morning lying in the paved yard behind his house, horribly crushed and mangled. He had thrown himself head foremost, out of the highest window!

[Meantime the secret of Fowler's abduction having been discovered, he was brought from his retreat to England, to finish his titanic estates. The unlooked for result of the whole affair is disclosed in the paragraphs we quote in conclusion.]

Dr. Ebury had no time, as he was, in proceeding up to London, and having before the Secretary of State the shocking confession he had received, thereby explaining the sudden and mysterious abduction of Fowler. The villainous plot began to unravel itself; but, as an affair of such magnitude, and criminalizing a man of the rank and fortune of Sir William Gwynne, the Secretary of State terminated the utmost deliberation and circumspection. The moment, however, Oxleigh's suicide was communicated to him, he felt warranted, at the instance of Mr. Parkhurst, the solicitor accompanying Dr. Ebury, in sending a commission of four persons to America; two of them constables from the neighborhood, and acquainted with the person of Fowler, to bring back the kidnapped heir to the titles and estates of Gwynne. In the mean time, Mr. Parkhurst hurried down to Shropshire with a warrant to arrest Oxleigh, and reached his house, with officers, during the time that a coroner's inquest was sitting on the body. He then proceeded to Gwynne Hall; but found Sir William in two dangerous circumstances to be moved. Very heavy bail was taken for him, and an officer besides left in the house. A most rigorous investigation into the whole affair was set on foot by Mr. Parkhurst and Dr. Ebury. The claims of the absent Fowler were thoroughly sifted, and found to be irrefragable. Morning, noon, and night, did Mr. Parkhurst devote cheerfully to the laborious inquiry; writing with his own hands hundreds of toils. When at length, he had collected all his materials, and, as the phrase is, "licked them a little into shape," he set off with them for London, to secure the opinion and advice of the celebrated Attorney-General. Great interest was excited about the cause, even in the metropolis; and all parties waited with anxiety for the decision of the Attorney-General,—as if his fiat had been that of the judges.

The day appointed by the Attorney-General for delivering his opinion on the voluminous case laid before him, happened, singularly enough, to be that on which the new baronet and his friends arrived in London, from America. Mr. Parkhurst soon received intelligence of the event; and procured the attendance of Sir William, with himself, Dr. Ebury, and another, at the Attorney-General's chambers in the Temple, where he had intimated his intention of reading to them and explaining his opinion.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I do not think I ever devoted such anxious care to a case as this. I have gone nearly a dozen times over this pile of papers, and had all the while the assistance of my eminent brother, the Solicitor-General. We completely agree in one opinion; which is, that the title of Sir William Gwynne CANNOT BE DISTURBED." Mr. Parkhurst almost sunk

into the floor. "There are two reasons for this," proceeded the Attorney-General, calmly; "first, the statute of limitations came into operation six months ago, in Sir William's favor; and I need not say, that when the statute once begins to run, nothing can stop it. But even supposing that ground to be doubtful, as it may, possibly, be beat into a questionable shape, there is yet a fatal obstacle in the way of the person whose pretensions you have so zealously and ably espoused—Sir William Gwynne is THE RIGHT HEIR AT LAW." Mr. Parkhurst looked agitated. "In a matter of such moment as this, I have availed myself of a certain information, which was tendered to me in consideration of my office. I have here, and shall deliver into your hands, a document, formerly in the possession of the deceased Mr. Job Oxleigh, and unquestionably in his hand-writing, stating, with proofs, that the wife of the late Mr. William Fowler Gwynne, the alleged mother of the person now present, pointing to the said baronet—died, certainly having given birth to a son, but that son, steep within a week of his christening. This young man, who has always hitherto borne the name of William Fowler, was an orphan son of a poor woman that died in the neighbourhood of Mrs. Fowler who took her child, nursed it, gave it the name of William Fowler, and died, leaving it about two years of age. The whole has been the singularly artful contrivance of the late Mr. Job Oxleigh, to hold Sir William Gwynne in bondage, and extort from him the estate called 'The Sheaves,' of which Mr. Oxleigh was possessed. I may take the liberty of suggesting that though the baronet has acted cruelly and illegally under the circumstances, a prosecution against him would not be more than barely sustained. He has suffered greater torture for the last nine or ten years, than the law can now inflict upon him. It is of course, however, for you and others to consider this, which I merely offer as a suggestion. Sir, I beg to hand you my written opinion, as well as the document to which I have alluded; and to intimate that I am compelled to withdraw, being summoned to attend the King."

The Attorney-General bowed, and withdrew into another room, leaving Mr. Parkhurst, and indeed all present, completely thunderstruck.

"What?—Be I no baronet, then, 'after all'?" inquired Fowler, woefully chafed. Mr. Parkhurst gave him no answer.

"What is to send me back again to America?"

These were puzzling and unwelcome questions. How the poor fellow was eventually disposed of, I know not; though it is said he was seen shortly after in his old character of a waggoner. Mr. Parkhurst did not continue in town two hours after the Attorney-General had delivered his opinion, but he stepped into a post-chaise and four, and hurried down into Shropshire, to release Sir William Gwynne from all restraint, and communicate the extraordinary turn which circumstances had taken. He reached Gwynne Hall in time to see the return of the magnificent funeral procession, which he attended Sir William's remains to the vault of his ancestors. The grief-worn, bearded baronet—the victim of villainy almost unequalled in systematic atrocity—had expired about a week before, begging he might be buried as quickly as possible—as though he were ashamed for his remains to be upon the face of the earth. The titles and estates went to a remote member of the family.

ALMANAC OBSERVATIONS.

Most of our readers are doubtless aware, although the practice has of late fallen into disuse, and calendar commentators are devoted to less hypothetical matter, that it has been customary to make a running note of the weather during the season. To this many persons have paid great respect, supposing it to be a prediction of like authority with that which foretells eclipses or changes of the moon—and to gratify the wish of this class of readers, we presume, the plan is still pursued in some publications. Among others, such we find to be the case with "Cramer's Almanac Magazine," published at Pittsburgh, on which, for the year 1832, a writer in the Illinois Magazine thus disserts.—

We are informed in this erudite work, that the battle of New Orleans took place on the 8th of January, 1815, with the important addition—"soon blows up cold! An able remark, intended to convey the idea, that the heat of the engagement was soon over. We learn that on the 11th of the same month, Dr. Dwight died, 'with dry snow'; that on the 14th January, 1781, 'peace was ratified, with good sleighing,' a very pleasant way, we should think, of ratifying peace, and much better than the staying of war; and that, on the 23d, William Pitt died, 1806, followed by rain and snow. We were aware that this illustrious statesman died; but, the fact of his having been followed in the manner specified, is new to us, and we would take it kindly, if the compiler of the almanac would state in his next issue for the Premier was thus followed. British ministers are very much followed while in this world, but we were not aware before, that they were of any sort of consequence, when out of place.

I like these historical notices, and the comments of the worthy Mr. Cramer so well, that I shall quote somewhat at large.

February 17, 1815. 'Treaty of Ghent ratified—blows cold.'

February 20, 1815. Cyane and Levant captured—with flying clouds.'

February 27. 'Earthquake at Lisbon, 1796—somewhat pleasant! A pleasant earthquake! not a bad idea.'

Third Tuesday in March, 'Shrove Tuesday—but soon changes.' Very likely; Tuesday generally changes soon into Wednesday.

March 8, 1811. 'English enter Bordeaux—with *hazy sky*.' They must have felt quite at home.

March 21. 'Benedict—clears and shines pleasantly.' This must have been about the time when he said, that 'when he vowed to die a bachelor, he never expected to live to get married.'

April 17, 1690. 'Dr. Franklin died—for some days.'

—19, 1775. 'Battle of Lexington—ends pleasantly.'

—27, 1813. 'York, U. C. taken—comfortable.' Very comfortable I dare say, to the captors.

May 10. 'Louis XV. died—planting agreeable showers.'

—15, 1775. 'Paper currency established—which rapidly increases vegetation.'

May 19, 1811. 'Great fire at New-York—some warm days.'

—23, 1787. 'Federal convention met at Philadelphia—with showers.'

May 29, 1813. 'Unsuccessful attack on Sacket's Harbor—appears hazy.' The English seem to carry heavy weather with them wherever they go.

June 8, 1688. 'Alexander Pope born—expect some stormy news.'

June 30, 1767. 'Tax on tea—cloudy sky, appears like a storm.'

July 16, 1779. 'Stony Point taken—it will never be laid aside, like an old almanac.'

July 30, 1718. 'William Penn died—with judgment.' Quite characteristic; he generally acted with judgment.

August 20, 1794. 'General Wayne defeated the Indians—with extreme warmth.'

'James Thompson died, 1748—with thunder; a mode of dying which ought to be exploded.'

September 1, 1811. 'Boxer captured—becomes comical but hazy—by the Enterprise.'

'Though she'd never learned the art from Mendon or Cribbs, she seemed so hard that she broke all her ribs.'

No more at present. I shall send another article shortly.—'expect thunder.' Yours, KETTER.

SLUMBER.

The thought taken from the Latin.
Sweet is slumber—it is life,
Without its sorrow, sin or sighing;—
Death, without the fearful strife,
The mortal agony of dying.

THE CONSTELLATION.

EDITED BY A. GREENE.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 16, 1832.

DEMAND FOR COUNTRY COUSINS.

Never were country cousins in so great demand as during these cholera times. Their value now is most fully appreciated. It is mighty convenient, when cities are overrun with the pestilence, to have some strong hold in the country to flee to. Relations of every grade, on such an occasion, assume their just value; and many of those, who, a few weeks ago, were considered below par, have latterly been thought worthy of a premium. The humblest forty-fifth cousin, who is blessed with a little house-room and a spare bed, in the country, is now by no manner of means to be sneezed at.

Those country relations, who were formerly shunned and disowned on account of their rusticity, are now acknowledged and embraced with the most remarkable cordiality. Formerly, if they had been met in the streets of the city, they would not have been known: their more polished relations would have turned away, and blushed to recognize them. Oh, the frights! they would have exclaimed—it's enough to give one the horrors to look at them, much more to be claimed as relations.

One of the kings of France, whose pampered taste could scarcely be satisfied, at Versailles, with the richest dainties, ate raw turnips with great relish, at a peasant's cottage, when nearly starved in the chase. So our delicate city, when frightened from their property by the cholera, flee to the country, and own with immense cordiality the blessings of a rustic life. Many examples might be given to show the late rise in value of country cousins. The following will suffice.

Mr. Allspice, a retail grocer of this city, has a wife and eight children. Within a day's ride of the city, dwells a cousin, named Ploughshare—a substantial farmer, who brings his own produce to market; whose wife and daughters milk the cows, and make butter and cheese; and whose sons hold the plough and swing the scythe. In ordinary times there is no intercourse between the families; for then the Allspices could not for the world think of acknowledging any relationship; and the Ploughshares are too independent to claim an affinity which is not readily acknowledged. But in times of alarming sickness in the city, the case is materially altered. Then the Allspices very readily remember the relationship; and take advantage of it to find an asylum from the yellow fever or the cholera.

As soon as the present alarming disease appeared in the city, they all fled with the utmost haste to the country, closing the shop, and leaving the sugars and teas, the soap and candles, and the brandy and gin, to take care of themselves. They chartered a stage coach, and ordering the driver to put on the string as if the cholera were at his heels, they arrived at their cousin Ploughshare's the same day a little before night—safe and sound, but very much fatigued and nearly frightened to death.

The farmer's family, not having yet heard that the cholera was in the city, were very much astonished to see their dear city cousins come tumbling out of the stage coach, one after another, like so many bats from the cornice of an old house. But before they had time to express any surprise, Mrs. Allspice began—

"Well, thank heaven! we're out of the way of the cholera at last! Oh, dear! Oh, dear! what a jaunt we've had. As I'm a living sinner, we haven't got out of the carriage before, since we first started. Mr. Allspice was for stopping on the road to dine; but no, says I, that will never do, the cholera may overtake us if we stop; and as for eating, says I, we shall get something good when we get to cousin Ploughshare's, I'll warrant it. Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord! how my legs are cramped!"

"Ah, that's your own fault, Mrs. Allspice," said her husband, "you might have got out and stretched 'em; but you was in such a hurry to get here, you wouldn't stop a moment, and I lost my dinner by the means."

"Fie! Pa," exclaimed Miss Jemima Allspice, "what a fuss you do make about your dinner! You've done nothing but grumble, grumble, ever since two o'clock. It's so very vulgar to care any thing about one's dinner, that I'm really ashamed of you."

"You needn't open your mouth, Mima," said Mr. John Allspice, Jun., "for it's no slight matter to go without one's dinner, I can tell you; and you eat as much as any body, when you're at home. For my part, I'm unaccountable hungry, and have been this three hours."

"So am I," said Mr. Jerry Allspice; and, "So am I!" and "So am I!" exclaimed several of the younger Allspices, nearly in a breath.

"Well, don't make such a fuss!" said Mrs. Allspice—"You're just like a parcel of country bears. I'm really ashamed of your behavior. I dare say we shall get something nice to eat, now we've got here."

Mrs. Ploughshare, who was a woman of works rather than of words, had not waited for these hungry hints, but as soon as she saw her city cousins come tumbling out of the carriage, had set about getting them supper. A substantial country meal was soon provided; and the runaway city did ample justice to every part and parcel thereof—and none more so, than the delicate and ethereal Miss Jemima Allspice.

"What a charming spot you have here, Cousin Ploughshare," said Mrs. Allspice. "I do admire your situation."

"Why, for the matter of that," said Mr. Ploughshare, "it's well enough. I have a bit of good land, that yields us all the necessities of life, and—"

"All the comforts too," interrupted Mrs. Allspice. "What nice bread you have! I do admire country-baked bread. And then your vegetables, and your milk, and your fruit, and every thing is so fresh! I do admire a country life!"

"I'm contented with it," said Mr. Ploughshare.

"And so you ought to be," said Mrs. Allspice. "What a comfortable house you've got! You must take a deal of pleasure in accommodating your friends, who come from a distance to see you. I remember what a number of clean spare beds you had when I visited here the last time."

"That was when the yellow fever prevailed, ten years ago, I believe," said Mrs. Ploughshare.

"Exactly so," returned Mrs. Allspice, slightly blushing. "We should have come oftener, but it's so difficult to get away, and I do so hate to ride in a stage-coach. But you know, Cousin Ploughshare, we esteem you above all our relations. I wonder in my heart you never call upon us when you come to the city."

"For my part," returned Mrs. Ploughshare, "I rarely go to the city at all."

"But you do, Mr. Ploughshare," said Mrs. Allspice, addressing the husband—"you often come to the city on business."

"True," replied the farmer, "I go often to market; and used sometimes to take the liberty of calling at your house, but was always informed you was not at home."

Mrs. Allspice was a little nonplussed at this piece of the farmer's recollection; but she stammered out the best apology she could, and proceeded to finish her supper.

Thus provided for, we leave the family of polite city grocers in snug quarters, duly appreciating the value of their country cousins, whom they had not be-

fore thought of since the last yellow fever, when the whole family were quartered upon them for the space of a couple of months.

MUSIC has charms to soothe a savage breast,
To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak.

CONGREVE.

The General so likes your Music, that he begs of all love
you'll make no more noise with it.

O'HELLO.

It is a perilous undertaking to attempt to settle differences between man and wife, as many a well-meaning umpire has found to his cost. Instead, therefore, of expressing our individual opinion, in relation to the grievances recorded in the following letters, we take the safer course of laying them before the public. Besides the identity of surname, in the signatures, the epistles are evidently the productions of two persons, who, whatever may be their jarring in musical taste, are conjugally of "one flesh."

MR. EDITOR,—When courting my dear wife, that now is, I used to praise her music, both vocal and instrumental; and I believe went so far as to declare she sang like an angel. But I assure you, it was all out of mere compliment, and I had no idea but she would take it as such. But think of my consternation, when the very next day after we were married, she asked me to get her a piano. I endeavored to smile at the request, and told her, that her music delighted me above all things; but that, now she was married, she would find so many interesting things to attend to, that she would have no time to devote to music. But all my arguments were of no avail—have a piano she must, and have a piano she would. I was obliged to comply, of course, you know; for, to quarrel with one's dear wife so soon after one is married, would be very shocking.

Like a good and gentle husband, therefore, I purchased the piano—hoping, at all events, that my wife would not be so unreasonable as to make any great use of it. But, alas! how was I disappointed! It was no sooner brought home and placed in one corner of the parlor, than she began to thump, thump—strum, strum—bawl and squall, from morning till night, and nearly from night till morning again, for she would insist upon playing after I was in bed.

And then only think of the money it costs for new music! Every song, rondo, catch, glee, and the like—knows what, that is advertised and puffed in the newspapers, she must have. Every day she begs money of me for the purchase of some new piece of music. But that is not the worst of it: I would willingly pay the expense of all the music that has been invented since the days of Orpheus, if she would only be so reasonable as never to attempt playing it.

If I manifest any weariness at her thumping and strumming, she complains that I have no ear for music, and that I am strangely altered from what I was previous to marriage. And then she puts her handkerchief to her eye; and then I protest I love music of all things, but—And here, Mr. Editor, I usually stop, for the sake of peace and quietness. I have now been married great part of a year; and during all that time the thumping, and strumming, and squalling has continued. I have now no hopes, except in the counter-music of a family of children—of which, by the by, I am likely soon to be blessed with a specimen.

Yours, in tribulation,
THOS. TYMPANUM.

New York, Aug. 16, 1832.

MR. EDITOR,—I take the liberty of laying my grievances before you, in hopes you will *put out* some mode of *undressing* them. I am a married *woman*, and therefore ought by good *rites* to be a happy one. But, *alas!* I am the most miserable *creacher* in existence. And what do you think it all springs from? *Muzic*—nothing in the world but *muzic*. Would you believe it? my husband has no ear for *muzic*! Had I known this beforehand, I never would have married him till the day of pancakes. But I was deceived by his *flatteries*. When he came courting, he used to *confess* the most extravagant admiration of my singing and playing on the *peanner*. He said my *muzic* was *angellic*, and that he was *executively* fond of it. But I now think 'twas all no such thing. I've reason to believe he never had no ear for *muzic*—and that all his confessions was a mere sham, done only to make an impression on my *hart*. Would you believe it? he has the *oddity* to think, because I'm married, that I ought to attend to household *dutys*. Was there ever such a thing *heard of*? I mean in *modern* times? I haven't been married a year yet, and he thinks I ought to turn my hands to something else besides the *peanner*—when the truth is, Mr. Editor, I don't play above six or seven *ours* a day at most. Of what *yuse* I would ask is a *wumman's* *college*, if she can't make any *yuse* of it? My father and mother, dear good *foas*, took a great deal of *panes* in having me taught the *peanner*, and singing, and all that. And now my husband, he takes it into his head, as it were, to *mul-*

tify and *rectoe* all my kind parents has done. I don't wish to quarrel with him, or set up my will against *hiss*. But don't you think, Mr. Editor, I ought to *insert* my prerogative? If we wives give way in one thing, we may in another—and there's no knowing where it will *end*. "From harmony, from heavenly harmony," says *Shakespeare*, "this universal form began," and I'm determined to stick to my *muzic* as long as I have the *yuse* of my fingers or my *tung*—wouldn't you, Mr. Editor, if you was in my place?

TABITHA TYMPANUM.

P. S. I should have writ something more—but my husband has just this moment come in, and therefore I must wind off, to play him a *chune*. He flattered my *muzic* before he married me, and he shall have his ears full of it now.

T. T.

New York, Aug. 17, 1832.

MONEY, OR NO MONEY.

We have heard a very amusing story of the mode of procedure of a famous *Cholera Curer* of this city. He does not visit his patients; on the contrary, they are always such as are able to visit him. The first inquiry he makes, respecting the state of their pockets; and he makes up his mind of the disease accordingly. To those who are very sick he gives a vial of his *specific*, and charges ten dollars; to others he merely deals out a few of his pills, for which he charges nothing.

Taking each patient aside, as his turn comes, he says to him—"Sair, ave you some cash—some money?"

"No, sir, I'm very poor indeed."

"Ver poor! eh? Sair, me ver sorry for you—ver sorry indeed, Sair."

"I have no money at all—I'm as poor as Job's turkeys."

"Th! no money at all? poor as de Job Turk? Mon Dieu! Me ver sorry for you. Sair, me feelly you pulse. Not mush bad—not mush bad. No money, eh? Vy, sair, I ave de grand plaisir to say, sair, dat you ave leetle cholera—ver leetle—not mush bad. I cure you vid my pill, two, tree—you take 'em—you get well—you no ver bad, sair—you got me money. I chargeh you nossin at all, sair."

Having dismissed this patient, he calls in another, and puts the same important question respecting the state of his finances. Finding them favorable, he proceeds to examine the tongue, the pulse, and so forth. He then shrugs his shoulders, shakes his head ominously, and exclaims—"Mon Dieu! Ver bad—ver bad! Sair, you ave got de ver bad cholera—ver bad; you tong, you pulse—tout ver bad. Me no wish to give you some alarm, sair—me no wish to scary you; but, sair, you ave got de ver ver bad cholera about you. You vill die, sair, unless you take my grand *specific*. Nossin but dat vill you life save. You go to diable quick, you no take it. This vial vill cure you. I save you life, sair—I must sharghe you for him. De grand *specific* is ver costly—I must sharghe you ten dollar."

The patient takes his vial of the grand cholera *specific*, pays the ten dollars, and in his turn gives way to some new patient, the violence of whose disease is to be determined by the amount of money he has in his pocket.

THE WAGS OUTWAGGED.—A well educated, but eccentric farmer, in the western part of Massachusetts, is fond of going to market in the most ordinary dress, and appearing in the character of the most simple and ignorant bumpkin. Having gone to Boston with a load of butter, fowls, and other notions, he was met by some wags, who, taking him to be as raw and simple as he appeared, told him the best way of disposing of his load would be by auction.

"Do you think so?" said he—"for my part, I'm darned ignorant of marketing, having never been in Boston before. Howsoever, if you think it's the best way, I'll do as you say. But how must I work it to sell my things by auction?"

"Why," said they, "you must go to the city authorities and get an auctioneer's licence; and then you must strike off your goods to the *lowest* bidder."

"But this auctioneer's licence," said the farmer, "will cost a plaguy sight of money, won't it? Hadn't I better hire a *nauxioneer* to sell the things for me?"

"Why, perhaps you had," returned the wags, "but you must get the privilege of acting as his deputy, and then you can sell your own goods."

The farmer thanked them for their advice, and promised to follow it. Accordingly having made the preliminary arrangements, he exposed his goods to auction. The first thing he put up was a pair of fowls. The wags were at hand, and thinking there would be the more sport, and no hazard, in commencing with a high bid, one of them bawled out, "Ten dollars!"

Before a second had time to bid lower, the farmer cried out—"Once! twice! three times!—the fowls are yours, Mister, by gaul."

BERTRAM DE JOURDON.—Richard I. of England, as history informs us, received his death-wound at the siege of Chalus, from an archer by the name of Bertram de Jourdon, who aimed an arrow at him as he was riding round the place to observe where an assault might be given with most probability of success. He ordered the archer to be brought into his presence, and demanded what injury he had done him, that he should take away his life? The prisoner answered with deliberation, "You killed, with your own hands, my father and my two brothers, and you intended to have hanged me. I am now in your power, and my torments may give you revenge; but I will endure them with pleasure, since it is my consolation that I have rid the world of a tyrant." Richard, struck with this answer, ordered the soldier to be presented with one hundred shillings, and set at liberty; but Marcade, the general, who commanded under him, like a true ruffian, ordered him to be flayed alive, and then hanged!

DIETETICAL ABSURDITIES.—Those who cater for the table, in consequence of believing every thing they read in the newspapers, have become mere fools in relation to matters of diet. They have banished every thing from the board, of a vegetable nature, except rice and potatoes. But what adds to the absurdity and folly of the thing is, that this banishment did not take place until the cholera had begun to subside!

By these changes in diet, they have made great inroads upon the comforts of life, without in the least adding to its duration. On the contrary, they have rather done injury to health by their officious intermeddling in affairs of diet. All sorts of cooked vegetables may in general be considered as healthy; and no better rule of diet can be given, than the following, extracted from an article in the Paris Medical Gazette:—

"Speaking generally, we say.—Use every thing which, heretofore, you have found good and beneficial for your stomach, your constitution, and your habits; but use them all in moderation, and indulge in no excess."

DON'T EMPLOY A QUACK, IF YOU MEAN TO BE BURNED.—The Corporation of this city have passed a decree, forbidding any Sexton or Superintendent of a burying ground, from interring any person without a certificate from the physician in attendance upon the case. The object of this decree is, to catch the illegal practitioners, who, it is supposed, kill many patients, and cause a great discrepancy between the Report of Internments and that of the Board of Health. But what is to be the result of this prohibition of burial, to those who are so unfortunate as to die under the hands of a quack? How long are the corpses to remain above the ground, "groaning for burial?" Are they not to be interred at all? We should imagine, those who have been killed by quacks, were sufficiently punished, without being forbidden the rites of sepulture.

QUARANTINES.—While the large cities have become ashamed of attempting to quarantine the cholera, the little towns are prodigiously active in passing and carrying into effect their regulations of quarantine. Mr. Potter, who has the temerity to oppose some of the wise ones in his own State, lately said, in the General Assembly of Rhode Island:—"It had got so now that every town that has a mud-puddle, and water enough to cover a mud turtle, must have a system of quarantine laws!"

PRUDENT—SENSIBLE—PRAISEWORTHY.—The people of Philadelphia, we understand, instead of running away from the Cholera, stay quietly at home, cheerfully attend to their duties, and leave the result to heaven. This is such conduct as becomes the inhabitants of the city of *Brotherly Love*.

DISASTROUS.—A lady, who had recently returned from Providence to Troy, Ms. (as we learn from the New Bedford Gazette) was so fumigated by the anti-choleric Trojans as to take all the color out of a beautiful new pink dress.

TO OUR READERS.—The publishers of this paper believe that they need only suggest to subscribers living out of the city, who may be indebted to the office, that punctuality in the discharge of their dues is especially desirable at such a time as this. While the ravages of disease have scattered a large proportion of those whose situations permitted them to leave, persons connected with the press must remain at their posts at whatever hazard, or interrupt the information of their readers at a time when it is most eagerly expected by them. The same state of things, however, operates as a complete obstruction of all their pecuniary resources in town, and makes delays from other quarters doubly inconvenient and oppressive. It is hoped that the readers of this journal, to the majority of whom we feel obliged for their former punctuality, will regard this statement as it deserves.

For the Constellation.

MY LOVE AND I.

My love and I, one Summer's night,
Sat underneath a chestnut tree;
Against its massive trunk we leaned,
And none were there but God and we.
We sang and talked of other days—
We sang the chivalrous songs of old;
Alternately we told the loves
Of maidens, and of warriors bold.

Persuasively I told another
Tale of love, and hope, and fear;
And first her eye with sorrow drooped,
But soon it glistened with a tear,
That pearly tear caused mine to flow;—
I felt that she was dear to me,
And gently clasped her hand in mine,
For none were there but God and we.

Another still I had to tell,
Of early, fond, devoted love;
I told it in an earnest manner,
And yet my lips did scarcely move,
I told it—yet I know not how;
I told it—and she knew my meaning,
For, ere I closed, I felt her cheek
Against my anxious bosom leaning.

I watched her every look and motion,
Her downcast eye, and blushing face,
And saw her brush a tear away,
But soon another took its place.
I gently led her to my side,
And surely felt her beating heart,
As she looked up to me, and showed
A joy of no akin to art.

No voice was heard—no sound was there;
But such a came from her and me;
Around, above, 'twas calm and still,
For none were there but God and we.
Nor can I tell the half I felt;
Such bliss, before, I never knew;
And yet, I think I'd rather die,
Than live that hour of bliss anew.

SELECTIONS.

The following legend, which was scratched off by ourselves some five or six years ago, merely to satisfy the requisition of a printer's devil who happened to be waiting for copy, has just re-commenced its journeyings through the newspapers, and as it is wretchedly mis-printed and mis-used, we insist upon the right exercised by all great authors, of publishing a genuine edition!—*Ed. Camden Jour.*

The Enchanted Gun.—It happened some sixty or seventy years since in the land of pumpkins, that an honest old sampleton, who had been "to training," had made money enough by throwing stones at a "training cake" to get very comfortably fuddled, even without a draft upon his purse for the "four-pence-half-penny piece" laid by for that purpose several months before. Some wags who had kept more sober on the occasion than our hero, not having had so good luck at gingerbread gambling, loaded his gun to the very muzzle with alternate charges of excellent "double-battled" powder and touchwood, and starting him homeward, they took care to put a red-hot-nail upon the topmost piece of touchwood. Uncle Ichabod, honest old soul, shouldered firelock, and took up his "line of march" for home. He had not gotten far, however, before pop goes the first charge from his gun—singular, thought Uncle Ichabod; but a mere accident, doubtless—a charge being left there carelessly. A few yards further, bang goes the second charge. "Lord a mercy," says Ichabod, "this is tarnation strange, I swaggers, but I guess it didn't all go off the first time, or else it wouldn't go off again, would it though?" He had hardly finished this monologue before off goes his repeater again. "My gracious!" exclaimed our terrified militia-man, "the old boy is in the gun. I never heard of such a thing in my born days"—an exclamation which he had hardly concluded before his everlasting gun struck four; and Ichabod, having no longer any fellowship for a weapon possessing such fearful continuity of explosion, very prudently threw it over the fence, and made rapid strides for the house of a clergyman, having no doubt that either he or his gun was bewitched. The clergyman himself was not without his doubts on the subject after Ichabod had testified the whole story, the truth of which was corroborated by several distinct discharges from the gun in the place where he had thrown it, which was within plain hearing of the parties. However, while the matter remained in discussion, the mischievous catiffs who had caused all the alarm arrived with the offending musket, which made its last discharge in the clergyman's presence, and refused further service till re-loaded. It was never fairly settled, however, between him and Ichabod, whether or not it was a real case of witchcraft.

Large Pear Tree.—Happening in Chancelor township, York county, a few days since, we were induced by the solicitations of one of our company, to visit a pear tree on the farm of Mr. Jacob Kipe, which is very remarkable for its size. It was brought from Germany about eighty years ago; it measures ten feet around the trunk; its height is about fifty feet; from the ground to the first limb it is ten feet; and its branches cover a circumference of about 150 feet. The tree bears a large fine fruit, which ripens in October, and we were told that upwards of 100 bushels had been gathered from it in a single season. The main branches, of which there are five or six, are as large as a good-sized pear tree. If any of our neighbors can tell of one that will beat this, we would like to hear of it.—*Columbia Spy.*

The following incident has occasioned much conversation. A discussion arose on Monday at a coffee-house on the Boulevard des Italiens, between an elderly gentleman and a young man with black mustachios, which was followed by a challenge given by the latter. When the parties arrived on the spot, the seconds measured the distance and loaded the pistols. During these preparations the young mustachioed hero kept walking about humming a tune. The gray-headed gentleman said nothing, but when every thing was ready, suggested that an explanation might even then prevent matters proceeding to extremities; but his antagonist, encouraged by this forbearance, indignantly refused to listen to any thing of the kind. His adversary then coolly took up his pistol, and, seeing a bird flying in the air with great rapidity, he fired at and killed it. The young man turned pale, on which the skilful marksman said—"You have now seen a proof of my skill, and must either stand my fire or add 100 Napoleons to the subscription opened for the unfortunate cholera patients. Decide quickly, and recollect that the larger the bird the more easy it is to hit him." The proposition was accepted, and we understand that the money was paid on the same day to one of the arrondissements of Paris.—*Paris paper.*

New Speculation!—Within a few days there have been runners in most of the towns in this vicinity, gathering up cents coined in 1814. They find but few, and buy them as they can, giving 2, 4, 6, 10, 12 or 17 cents each; and we have heard of 75 cents being given for a single cent. 12 1-2 cents have been offered in this town. The story is that in 1814 some gold was accidentally mixed with the copper of the United States Mint, and that the cents of that year contain gold. We verily believe that the whole affair is a humbug, and that the cents of 1814 are of no more intrinsic value, than those of any other year. It has been suggested that the speculation originated in the following manner. Copper was very scarce in 1814, on account of the war, and but few cents were coined at the mint during that year. Some virtuosi, who were desirous of laying up in their cabinets, specimens of the coinage of every year, could not find any cents coined in 1814, and offered certain toll-gatherers a dollar or two to collect for them a few cents of that year. This offer led others to suppose that the cents of 1814 contained gold. We know not whether this be a true explanation of the mystery.—*Hamshire Gazette.*

Right of Search.—Extract from the log book of a market cart. Left Cambridge at 3 A. M.—weather very thick and raining—at 4, 13 min. made Cragie's bridge. Hearing the city cutters meant to search, bade my man Eli stow away the beets and carrots under the false deck. Says Eli, "Alderman Squab's a going to gie me ninepence extry for a peck o' marifats, the old way; he says its all tarna nonsense to have 'em shelled by a pack o' women that has just been a clouting babies, for all he knows; so I's tied my trowsers at the bottom, and got him a good peck inside my breeches." "Well, Eli," said I, "that's your private venture; nobody knows what they'll do next; if they should divest you of your useless parts, you'd cut a queer flash." "There they are," says Eli, "by jings." So I looks over the starboard bow, and sure enough, there was a low, long, pokerish craft, edging up. Saw two of my neighbor's carts, following in my wake, made the private signal No. 41, an onion on a pole, wain down; the two carts hauled their wind, and stood through the short channel for the State's Prison. City cutter within pistol shot. Told Eli to do the talking. "Hollo that are cart," says the cutter. "Hollo it is," says Eli; "but it ain't an air cart nor a water cart, by a darn'd sight."

"Bring too," says he. "We have brought two, master and me," says Eli. "Hold your sauce," says he. "Aye, aye," says Eli, holding on to his breeches, and running his tongue into his cheek with such a roll of the eyes, as made me almost fall off my seat. The hailing officer began to make crooked faces, so I tho't as how I would bring to; hauled up the fore poney, and lay to under an old umbrella. "Now, what's the word," says Eli, "are ye going to rob us on the high way?" "What have you got in that cart?" says he. "What do ye please to have?" says Eli, "here's long sauce and round sauce." "I have got the Mayor's orders to search that cart," says he. "The Mayor's orders," says Eli, "she carries a high dock now-a-days, don't she?" "You str," says he,

"you better take care of your Ps and Qs, or I'll fetch you before an Alderman." "That's jest what I wants," says Eli. "I guess he'll help take care of the peas himself." "Come, come, Eli," says I, let's be civil." "Mister," says I, "my lawyer says as how I have a right to ride my vegetables all over town, all day and all night, with their tops and pods on. Up jumps Eli. Says he, "Mister, I knows, for sartins you be a great lawyer, because you says you be one of the city authorities. I wants to know if them Roxbury folks will repeal their Burling and Mytang decrees, will the Mare give up the orders in Council, and this here right o' search?" "I guess you'll smart for this, you saucy bumpkin," says he of the city. "Saucy bumpkin!" says Eli, "I guess I don't see the wit of that, but I guess I could fetch your right skylight with this here turnip." "Come, Eli," says I, "I guess we better be going." Just then the thail horse, bitten by the flies, kicked the man on the shin bone. "Dickins," says Eli, "I guess the old mare kicked ye, didn't she?" "I guess she did," said he, and sat down on a log. "I guess we'll go," said I. "I guess we will," says Eli. The crowd all said they guessed we better. So we shot ahead, leaving the "excise" man beginning to direct his leg of the useless parts, preparatory to the dressing of his wound.—*Boston Courier.*

THE WINGED WORSHIPERS.

[By Charles Sprague.]

An Impromptu upon two little birds which flew into a house of worship during service.

Gay, guiltless pair,
What seek ye from the field of heaven?
Ye have no need of gray,
Ye have no sins to be forgiven.

Why perch ye here,
Where mortals to their maker bend?
Can your pure spirits fear
The God ye never could offend?

Ye never knew
The crimes for which we come to weep.
Penance is not for you,
Blessed wanderers of the upper deep.

To you 'tis given
To wake sweet nature's untaught lays,
Beneath the arch of heaven
To chirp away a life of praise.

Then spread each wing,
Far, far above, o'er lakes and lands,
And join the choirs that sing
In yon blue dome not reared with hands.

Or, if ye stay,
To note the consecrated hour,
Teach me the airy way,
And let me try your envied power.

Above the crowd,
On upward wings could I but fly,
I'd battle in yon bright cloud,
And seek the stars that gem the sky.

'Twere heaven indeed,
Through fields of trackless light to soar,
On nature's charms to feed,
And nature's own great God adore.

William Belderdyck.—William Belderdyck, admired as the first poet that modern Holland has produced, and not less distinguished by the other brilliant faculties of his mind, did not in his youth show any happy disposition to study. His father, who formed an unfavorable opinion of his talents, was much distressed, and frequently reproached him in severe terms, for inattention and idleness, to which young Belderdyck did not appear to pay any attention. In 1776, the father, with a new paper in his hand, came to stimulate him, by showing him an advertisement of a prize offered by the Society of Leyden, and decreed to the author of a piece of poetry signed with these words: "An Author only eighteen years old," who was invited to make himself known. "You ought to blush, idler," said old Belderdyck to his son; here is a boy only of your age, and though so young, is the pride and happiness of his parents; and you —" "It is I, myself," answered young William, throwing himself into his father's arms.

Use of Horse Chestnut.—If the value of the nut was more generally understood, it would not be suffered to rot and perish without being turned to any account as at present. The Horse Chestnut contains a saponaceous juice, very useful not only in bleaching, but in washing linens and other stuffs. The nuts must be peeled and ground, and the meal of twenty of them, is sufficient for ten quarts of water, and either linens or woollens may be washed with the infusion without any other soap, as it effectually takes out spots of all kinds. The cloths should, however, be afterwards rinsed in spring water.

"Mysterious."—So says the Alexandria Gazette, in announcing that a stranger a short time since, arrived in a gig at full speed, at the landing at Potomac Creek, and pushed off for Washington in a steamboat which he had chartered for his own use. The stranger was "a very civil, well dressed gentleman,"—as he should be, and it is presumed he had some speculation in his eye.

the hedge of the bed and wept, ay, more than a half-quartern of salt tears;—I cried—(Yer sprats!—green sprats!)—for an hour and a quarter; when, presently, Mary, I hear a rap at the room-door, and, says I, who's there? I and a voice replied—

(MARY B. (Hareskins! cook—hareskins!))
Mrs. H. A voice, and a voice I knew—well, replied, "it's me, my angelic angel!" Well, my feelings as a woman cum over me, and I let him in.

MARY B. (Hareskins!) [deeply affected.] Go on, Maria—

Mrs. H. I opened my door, because I thought he had brought my one-and-seven-pence back again, instead of which he used a deal of flummery talk, and tried to engammon me out of two-pence or threepence more—I was vindignant with the fellow, and says I, "Jack, listen to me—(Yer sprats!—green sprats!)—where is your tender feelings? before I'd let him rob a lone woman in this way, I'd ha' taken my jacket off my shoulders and sold it, even if I went about dressed in—"

MARY B. (Hareskins!—rabbitskins!)

Mrs. H. Dressed in a taker-sack; upon which the fellow had the impudence to smile and show his teeth;—you knows as how Jack has 'ansome teeth, in color and shape like—(Sprats!—green sprats!)—and says he to me, "my beovely Maria, if you knew the state of distress I'm in,—if you knew how slack business is, he gets his living by breeding of donkeys, if your eyes had seen how I've left my poor children at home puny, and with nothing afore 'em to eat but a large plate of—"

MARY B. (Hareskins, cook!)

Mrs. H. A large plate of chickweed and grunsell, and there ain't much nourishment in that, you know.

MARY B. I would summon him up afore their vorships!—I'd say, please your vorships—

Mrs. H. (Yer sprats!—green sprats!)

MARY B. Please your vorships, this here fellow is as great a thief as ever was brought afore you!—(You have got one hanging there, I'll give you three-pence for him!) [aside, down an area.] [Please your vorships, I claim justice on this fellow! (You've torn his head and neck so, I can't afford no more than three-pence.)—Please your vorships—(Well, what do you say, yourself?)]

Mrs. H. (Yer sprats!—green sprats!) Mary Briggs, I could find it in my art to arm Jack—I have tender feelings, such feelings—[apart to a customer.] (A penny a basin-full, ma'am, fresh from Billingsgate!) and when, Mary, a woman has emotions, of that natur—(Two-penn'orth of 'em will do me all the while, and leave summat for supper!)—it isn't to be supposed that she can be so ungracious—(I'll throw you in the pulber if you take two-penn'orth.)—so ungracious as to linger a man she has doated on, and who once whispered in my ear—

MARY B. (Hareskins!—rabbitskins!)

Mrs. H. (Yer sprats!—green sprats!)

[Revered into the Duke of Wellington's Head.]

CHASM AGAINST CHOLERA.—Extraordinary Spectation.—We have in the Dublin Evening Post of June 16th the following strange narrative:—These three days past the country has been in an extraordinary state of excitement. Messengers are running and riding through the counties of Carlow, Kilkenny, Wicklow, Westmeath, Dublin, King and Queen's counties, Meath, Wexford, and Longford, leaving a small piece of turf (peat fuel) at every cabin, with the following exhortation:—"The plague has broken out, take this, and, while it burns off seven paters, three aves, and a credo, in the name of God and the holy St. John, that the plague may be stopped!" The messenger lays each household under an obligation, as it is called, to kindle his piece of turf, set fire to seven other pieces, quench them, and run through the country to seven other houses wherein no turf has yet been left, and repeat the same exhortation, under a penalty of falling a victim to the cholera himself! Men, women, and children are seen scouring the country with this charmed turf in every direction, each endeavouring to be foremost in finding unserved houses. One man, yesterday, in the Bog of Allen, had to run thirty miles ere he could fulfil his task.—The stories of its origin are various, but all agree that one piece of turf was blessed by a priest, and sent through the peasantry thus, where it multiplied itself and its powers of agitation sevenfold in every new hand. Nothing like it has been heard of since the time of the clan-gatherings. The police are on the alert, and the messengers have been arrested from Kilkenny, where the blessed turf arrived at noon on Monday, to this city, where it came pouring in last night. No one knows where the holy fire was first kindled. There are various accounts; it was first sent from Kilmavne, from Blessington, from New Ross, and from Roscrea; that lightning consumed houses in New Ross, and that the holy turf was first kindled by its fire, &c. but it is certain that the whole of the central counties of Ireland are thrown into a singular state of agitation. Yesterday, along the whole line of the grand canal, from Dublin to Shannon harbour, people might be seen running. The Captain of one of the packet-boats that arrived in this city last night, saw a turf-cutting running along the bank in the bog of Allen, to whom he owed some money for fuel. He called to him "Paddy, get in and I'll pay you now." "I can't," replied Paddy, still running; "I have to serve seven houses yet with the holy turf, and I'd rather lose the money than earn the cholera." The priests, into whose parishes this wild

fire has spread, confess themselves as ignorant of its origin as the peasantry are.

The various country papers, and many letters received since our last, speak of the extraordinary circumstance of persons flying through the country in all directions, on Monday and Tuesday last, with the ridiculous tale of 'The Falling Star,' 'the Cholera,' &c. They were seen in the county of Cork, and, as we before stated, through all the counties between that and Dublin; through Meath, the King and Queen's county; and they are reported by a correspondent of the Evening Mail to have been in Cavan by three o'clock, on Wednesday morning. No cause can be assigned for all this, unless it be that the dread of the cholera has deprived the people of their senses.

Boxing and Prize Fighting.—[termed by its advocates, "the noble art of self-defence."]—The following is an extract from the London Journal, of June, 1792:—"Boxing in public, at the Bear Garden, is what has lately obtained much among the men; but till last week we never heard of women being engaged in that way, when two of the feminine gender appeared for the first time, on the theatre of war, at Hockley in the Hole, and maintained the battle, with great valour, for a long time, to the no small satisfaction of the spectators. The challenge and answer of these females, being originals, we give them to our readers: "I, Elizabeth Wilkinson, of Clerkenwell, having had some words with Hannah Hyfield, and requiring satisfaction, do invite her to meet me on the stage, and box with me for three guineas, each woman holding half-a-crown in her hand, and the first woman that drops her money to lose the battle."

"I, Hannah Hyfield, of Newgate Market, hearing of the resoluteness of Elizabeth Wilkinson, will not fail;—willing to give her more blows than words, desiring home blows, and from her no favour."

Their habits, on this occasion, were close jackets, short petticoats, Holland drawers, white stockings, and pumps.—Vide *Malcolm's Manners and Customs of London*, II. 155. In the same work, vol. I, page 425, is the following extract from the Protestant Mercury of 1681. It is to be regretted that the names of the champions have not been preserved:—"Yesterday a match of boxing was performed before His Grace the Duke of Albemarle, between the Duke's footman and a butcher; the latter won the prize, as he hath done many before, being accounted (though a little man) the best at that exercise in England." [This is believed to be the earliest prize boxing-match on record.]

ELEGY ON A YOUNG LADY.

By M. de Chateaubriand.

"A la Prefecture de Police, le 17 Juin, 1832.
Pour Elisa Frisel, la fille de mon ami, enterrée devant moi hier 16 Juin, au Cimetière de Passy."

Il descend ce cercueil, et les roses sans taches
Qu'un pèr y déposa, tribut de sa douleur!
Terre, tu les portes, et maintenant tu caches
Jeune fille et jeune fleur.

Ah! ne les rends jamais à ce monde profane,
A ce monde de deuil, d'angoisse et de malheur,
Le vent brise et le trépas, le soleil brule et l'été,
Jeune fille et jeune fleur.

Tu dors, pauvre Elisa, si légère d'années!
Tu ne crains plus du jour le poëtre la chaleur!
Elles ont achevé leurs fraîches matinales,
Jeune fille et jeune fleur.

Mais ton père, Elisa, sur ta cendre s'incline,
Aux rides de son front a monté la douleur,
Et, vieux chene, le Temps l'auche sur sa racine,
Jeune fille et jeune fleur."

TRANSLATION.

"Prefecture of Police, June 17, 1832.
To Elisa Frisel, daughter of my friend, buried in my presence yesterday, June 16, in the cemetery of Passy."

The coffin sinks. The flow'rets without stain,
Her father sheds, as tribute of his woes!
Earth! they are thine! within thy heart remain
The budding maiden, and the budding rose!

Ah! let them never to the world return,
That world which naught but grief and anguish
knows,
Where the winds scatter, and the sunbeams burn,
The budding maiden, and the budding rose!

Sleep, short-lived girl! sleep, my Elisa dear!
Fear not the thorns that time relentless strows;
Cropt in their dawn, we lay together here
The budding maiden, and the budding rose!

But see! thy father sinks beneath the stroke—
His wrinkled front the hue of sorrow shows;
And Time cuts down at once the aged oak,
The budding beauty, and the budding rose!"

WILL OF MR. BENTHAM.—The will of the philosopher was proved at Doctors' Commons on Monday. It is dated the 30th May, 1832, and is signed in a firm hand. He appoints Dr. Bowring, "who for these twelve years or thereabouts, has been my most intimate friend, my executor, and in the event, and during his incapacity by reason of absence, infirmity, or any other cause, from taking possession of my effects or my body, I appoint my dear friend Edwin Chadwick, barrister-at-law, to officiate in his stead." He then gives directions in detail for the disposition of his body for the advancement of the medical science, which have already been made public. He then gives to Dr. Bowring his interest in *The Westminster Review*, and "whatever sum may be found requisite for the publication of a complete collection of all my works,

and the completion of such of them as are not yet published." He also gives to Dr. Bowring all his manuscripts and books relating to finance, political economy, parliamentary reform, emancipation of the colonies, and Panopticon. He gives to his nephew, George Bentham, all his manuscripts relating to logic and nomography, and all his collections relating to language. He gives to his friend Edwin Chadwick all his books and works relating to jurisprudence and his collections for legislation, also his pamphlets on poor laws; he gives him moreover a legacy of 100*l.* as one of his executors. He gives to his dear friend and quondam amanuensis and pupil, Richard Doane, Barrister at Law, all his books on English law, and also his organ. He gives to John Herbert Koe, Barrister at Law, one of his former amanuenses, the books which he had lent him, and which are now in his possession. The remainder of his books are left to the London University. He gives rings bearing his effigy, and containing portions of his hair, to several of his friends and distinguished individuals, amongst whom are the following:—La Fayette; Jose del Valle, formerly President of the Republic of Guatemala; M. Van de Weyer, Ambassador from his Belgic Majesty; Jean Baptiste Saye, the French political economist; Felix Bodin, Member of the Chamber of Deputies; Messrs Bickersteth, Chadwick, Doane, and Tyrrell, Barristers at Law; Dr. Bowring, Dr. Southwood Smith, Dr. Arnot, General Miller, Mrs. Austin, wife of the Professor of Jurisprudence at the London University, Joseph Parkes of Birmingham, Allan Ponblague, Francis Place, John Stuart Mill, the son of the historian of British India, Col. Thompson, W. Falt, of Edinburgh, and George Wheatly of Whitehaven.

A very handsome provision is made for his servants and dependents. His freehold property he leaves by the ordinary law of descent to go to his nephew; his leasehold and other property he leaves in equal shares to his nephew and his two nieces, the children of his late brother, Sir Samuel Bentham. In conclusion, he makes his nephew residuary legatee, charging him "to co-operate cordially with my executor, and lend him all the aid in his power in the execution of his trust."—*London, June 12th.*

ASSAULT UPON THE KING.—We lament that we are under the necessity of noticing an atrocious outrage committed on the person of His Majesty, at Ascot Heath Races, by a ruffian who, instead of expressing any feeling of regret, actually gloried in it. Immediately on the termination of the first race, His Majesty, who was at the window of the Royal Stand, was observed to start; on inquiry it turned out that a stone had been thrown, which had struck His Majesty's hat, fortunately without doing any injury; the stone struck our venerable sovereign on the forehead, just above the rim of the hat, which was fortunately on his head at the time. The sound was so loud that the moment the stone reached its destination, it was distinctly heard throughout the room. The King was either stunned or so much astonished at the moment, as to fall back two or three paces, and exclaimed, "My —! I am hit!" At this instant the same ruffian threw another stone, which struck the wood work of the window, and fell to the ground. Lord Frederick Fitzclarence was close to his Royal Parent, and, taking him by the hand, led him to a chair, inquiring with the utmost agitation if he were injured? The Queen, Lady Errol, and all in the room, were equally alarmed and horror-struck. Happily His Majesty soon relieved their anxiety, and, taking off his hat, and placing his hand on the spot where the blow had fallen, declared with a smile that he was unhurt. Presumably his Majesty's hat preserved him from consequences which might otherwise have been most serious. The first moment of surprise and alarm being over, His Majesty received the affectionate congratulations of the Queen and those by whom he was surrounded, while the Countess of Errol (his daughter) burst into an agony of tears, and could with difficulty be persuaded that there was no further danger to be apprehended.

While this painful scene was exhibited on the Royal Stand, the attention of the populace was directed to what was going on beneath. The ruffian had scarcely thrown the stone (which was the work of a moment) when he was seized by a gentleman, who afterwards proved to be Captain Smith of the Royal Navy, a resident at Windsor, and by another gentleman named Turner, who had been a witness to the transaction. The Bow-street officers who were on the spot rushed to their assistance, and Taunton and Gardiner conducted the now passive prisoner to the Magistrate's room, under the Stand, contiguous to that of the King, where he was detained in proper custody till the subsequent examination. In little more than three minutes after the occurrence, the King rose from his chair and presented himself at the window. The moment it was seen that his Majesty was unhurt, a simultaneous shout of joy burst from all quarters, which was repeated when the Queen and Lord Frederick Fitzclarence also presented themselves at the window. Three distinct cheers were then given with such enthusiasm that the feelings of the populace could not be mistaken: there was a heartiness and sincerity in their expression which left no doubt of the horror and indignation with which they viewed the dastardly attack.

London paper.

It will be seen that both Houses of Parliament agreed last night, unanimously, upon an Address to the King, on occasion of the brutal outrage offered to his Majesty's sacred person at Ascot. If the whole

nation could speak its feelings through such a channel the address would contain but one unmingled expression of disgust and horror.—*London, June 21.*

EARL GREY AND REFORM.—The following eloquent panegyric fell from the lips of Mr. Sheridan, in the House of Commons, nearly forty years ago, (4th March, 1793, in allusion to our present distinguished Premier, whose fame was then dawning in that House:—"My Honourable Friend (Mr. Grey) is a man who deserves to be supported in the cause of Parliamentary reform, and he shall be supported; he himself lends it a lofty support; he is a man who possesses a lofty mind, seated upon a heart of honour; and in it he must rise into fame, for the cause of justice, of honour, and of truth, never yet has been, nor ever will be, attempted to be supported in vain."—We are now happily beholding the fulfilment of the prophecy contained in this eulogium.

In one of the debates which took place in 1791, on the subject of the alleged treasonable practices, Mr. Grey gave Mr. Pitt a severe flagellation for his speech, and persecuting spirit, and as nearly forty years have elapsed since the period when Mr. Grey thus exerted himself in that great cause, which he has at length brought to a happy and glorious issue, we are of opinion that our readers will be delighted with the passage we are about to transcribe from his speech, which is thus recorded in Beldam's History:—"In the year 1782, Mr. Pitt himself had been of opinion, that parliamentary reform was only to be accomplished by resolutions of the people acting on the prudence of the House. 'This same William Pitt, who had once taught the public to believe that nothing honest was to be expected from the House of Commons, now asserted that the people should do nothing for themselves. William Pitt, the reformer of that day, was William Pitt the persecutor, and persecutor, too, of reformers now. But for his own part he declared that, however impugned, *Parliamentary Reform* was a cause he would never desert, nor would he, to preserve power, or to gratify ambition, ever become an unprincipled apostate.'—*Eng. pop.*"

COMPLIMENT TO MISS LANSLOW.

We feel bound to express a doubt in the title we give to these lines, from the pen of a Cambridge (Eng.) author. To take the point of the epigram, the corkney pronunciation must be borne in mind.

—*Atlas.*
"Tis strange to tell,
That L.L.L.,
Thence favouring much of Satan's dwelling,
Is between,
But is not seen,—[why?]
These L.s, all other L's excelling—
A paradise the maid could make
Of any L she chose to take.
But why the devil I should ask
When having such a pleasant task,
A poetess, whose soul is flame,
Should take up such a brimstone name!
This is the answer always given—
She sounds of hell, but she is heaven!"

THE CHOLERA.—*Montreal, July 31.*—New cases 33, deaths 11. August 1, new cases 25, deaths 22. The *Montreal Gazette* of the 3d inst. adds:—"We regret exceedingly that our account of the health of the city should be so unfavourable. The burials yesterday in the two grounds, exceed, we believe, those of any day for the last fortnight. The new cases yesterday, were, however, considerably less, and if we are correct in our opinion, there is a still further diminution to-day. In reference to the communication of Drs. Stephenson and Holmes, on the injection in cholera cases, we are pleased to state that the Mrs. — (whose case was mentioned in the latter part as exhibiting such a decided improvement after the second injection had been resorted to,) though last night somewhat low, was this morning in a very favorable state. We trust that this will prove a permanent cure, as it is of much importance to the medical world, and to the community in general, that a cure should be discovered for a class of patients, whose case is so hopeless under any other treatment." Aug. 3.—Up to this day the cholera has continued to rage; but yesterday and to-day the weather has been fine, and to-day we hear there is a visible decrease—we hope it will be permanent.

The Herald of 4th, says—There would be much to write about just now, if the one absorbing subject of the Cholera, with all the suggestions of our hopes and fears, and the absolute duty of giving place and publicity to every hint at a successful remedy, did not combine to pre-occupy our mind, our time, and our space. We fear that some return of the disease has been experienced at Quebec; and in our own city, every attack during the last ten days has proved fatal.

Riot.—We learn from the Louisville Herald that on the 29th ult. a mob of two hundred persons set fire to and destroyed two houses of infamy—in which operation some other buildings were injured, and two of the chief actors were killed in the affray. About 20 were afterwards arrested.

The *Daily Louisville Herald* and *Commercial Gazette*, by Mr. Tannehill, formerly of Nashville, made its appearance on the 31st ult. The abilities of the Editor are well known. The paper will support Mr. Clay as a candidate for the Presidency.

MARRIED.

In this city, on the 8th, Joshua A. Thompson, Esq. to Miss Emeline J. A. Morrison.
On the 7th, James E. Cropper, to Corinda, daughter of the late David Board, Esq.
On the 8th, Dr. John D. Counsel, to Anna, daughter of Peter Duff, Esq.
On the 10th, John Johnson, of the firm of Johnson & Tilton, to Miss Mary Eliza Jenkins.
At Flushing, Lindley Murray, of this city, to Miss Mary Ann King.
At Danham, Artemus Bigelow, to Mrs. Julia Bradford, both of this city.

DIED.

In this city, on the 8th, Mary, wife of Alex. Murray, color.
On the 8th, Peter Seymour, aged 25.
On the 9th, Antoinette Eliza, wife of Jeduthan Thompson, aged 23.
On the 8th, Mrs. Abigail Smith, aged 63, formerly of Newburgh.
On the 8th, James Segnine, aged 44.
On the 7th, Mrs. Catherine Clarkson, aged 66, relief of the late Rev. William Clarkson, and daughter of the late General William Floyd.
At Kip's Bay, on 8th inst. Isaac Wright, Esq. aged 72.
At Flatbush, Peter Stryker, aged 67.

C. A. ZEITZ,

Manufacturer of Surgical Instruments,
Corner Walker and Elm-sts. N.Y.

WHERE all the various instruments used by surgeons are made equal to any imported. Also, polishing military arms, grinding, &c.
N.B. Mr. Z. has recently erected a patent machine for grinding, which enables him to despatch work with promptness and in a superior manner. aug. 18-cm.

GUM PLASTER.

Medicine L. Morange & Davis.
Gentlemen—The virtues of your Gum Plaster, as an efficient promoter of perspiration, have been long known to me. It appears peculiarly adapted to be of great service at the present period, when the Cholera is raging—one of the prominent effects of which is to interrupt, if not wholly to suspend the salutary functions of the skin. It supplies in most cases the use of the warm bath, where this expedient cannot be had recourse to. It is an excellent substitute for flannel, and it is in my opinion preferable to the use of irritating plasters, answering all their good effects, and being both more gentle and agreeable in its operation. It should be so worn as to surround the chest and stomach pretty generally, and be occasionally changed. It will prove essentially serviceable to those who are about changing their residence from the country to the city, and vice versa, as it preserves an equable temperature on the surface, so apt to be injured by variations of atmospheric locality. Yours truly,

DANIEL L. M. FRICOTTE, M.D.

New York, Aug. 1. President of the Medical Society.

I concur in the above opinion.

FRANCIS E. BERGER, M.D.

I have been in the habit of using the Gum Plaster for years, in medical and surgical cases, and believe it a valuable auxiliary to the healing art.
August 2, 1832. VALENTINE MOTT, M.D.

MEDICATED OIL SILK.

New York, August 23, 1832.
The Medicated Oil Silk manufactured by B. Morange, capable of being applied with great advantage, in most cases of gout, rheumatism, chronic enlargements, stings in the joints, and glandular tumors, and in such cases is preferable to any other remedy with which we are acquainted.

Valentine Mott, M.D. John Watts, M.D.
David Hosack, M.D. Alex. H. Stevens, M.D.
Sam'l L. Mitchell, M.D. Wright Post, M.D.
W. J. Macneven, M.D. G. F. Delfield, M.D.
L. S. Kissam, M.D. John Nelson, M.D.
Felix Pascalis, M.D.

B. Morange & Davis, 105 William street, having been appointed by the proprietor sole agents for the Anti-Cholera Plaster and Medicated Oil Silk, none is genuine unless accompanied by this certificate, and signed with their signature. August 11.

BOOKSELLERS, JEWELLERS,

AND
DEALERS IN FINE FANCY GOODS,
WHO DESIRE A
NEAT AND GOOD ARTICLE.

FOR THIS LINE (WHICH IS ALWAYS THE CHEAPEST) FOR RETAILING, ARE INFORMED THAT THEY CAN ALWAYS PROCURE AT THE OLD STAND, A CHOICE SUPPLY OF

FINE POCKET-BOOKS, CARD-CASES, &c.
From the subscriber's GREAT ASSORTMENT OF
170 KINDS.

Wholesale and retail—At the lowest possible market price—varying according to quality, from 10 cents to 40 dollars per dozen.

LOOK FOR
T. RUSSING, Manufacturer,
73 WILLIAM STREET,
NEW YORK.

LORIN BROOKS, BOOT-MAKER,

NO. 24 John street, New York, would inform his friends and the public that he continues the business of boot-making, one door from his old stand, where boots are made to order, in the latest style and of the best materials.

Boots and shoes, on hand, for sale on reasonable terms. June 15.

Chloric, Phosphoric, and Sulphuric Ether, and Spirits Hartshorn.

THE subscriber offers now to the public the above mentioned articles, which he warrants to be of the purest quality, and the strongest to be met with; he wishes that any medical men in this city or the country might find an opportunity for trying the quality of the Chloric Ether, which he would then very readily deliver gratis. For sale wholesale and retail by
DAVID LEWIS FRECHTWANGER
August 8-cd. 277 Broadway.

State of New York,

Secretary's Office, Albany, July 10th, 1832.
SIR—I hereby give you notice that at the next General Election in this State, to be held on the 5th, 6th, and 7th days of November next, a Governor and Lieutenant Governor are to be elected. And also, that a Senator is to be chosen in the First Senate District, in place of Stephen Allen, whose term of service will expire on the last day of December next.

A. C. FLAGG, Secretary of State.
To the Sheriff of the City and County of New York.
N.B. The Inspectors of Election in the several Wards in your County will give notice of the Election of Four Representatives to Congress from the Third Congressional District, and that 22 Electors of President and Vice President are to be chosen at the General Election. Also, for the choice of Members of Assembly, and for filling any vacancies in County Officers which may exist.

The above is a true copy of a notification received from the Secretary of State.
J. WESTERVELT,
Sheriff City and County of New York.

All the newspapers in the County will publish the above once in each week until the election, and send their bills immediately thereafter to the Sheriff's Office.
August 5-cd.

SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway, N.Y.—Official drawing of the N.Y. Lottery, Reg. Class No. 25 for 1832, drawn Aug. 15—15 39 41 16 41 22 40 35 31 12.

Sylvester need not enumerate the long list of capital prizes which have been sold by him in the last few months; the hundreds of families and individuals which have become independent and happy from timely application to his offices are the best proof of his past success, and promise well for the future. The "All-lucky" would therefore call the attention of his patrons and friends throughout the U. States and Canada to the following brilliant schemes. Tickets can always be obtained by application at his offices, either by letter or otherwise.
Aug. 22—Class 29, \$30,000, 15,000, 7,500, \$6
Aug. 22—Class 30, \$30,000, 15,000, 7,500, \$4
Sept. 5—Class 31, 4 of \$10,000, called 8-o'clock lottery, \$1
Sept. 10—Class 32, a mammoth, \$4,000, 10,000, 6,000; lowest prize 12 dollars; a splendid scheme for packages, and the ad. lucky Sylvester makes the liberal discount of 10 per cent. when a quantity is taken. \$10
Oct. 17—Class 33, another real mammoth, consisting of prizes of \$30,000, 25,000, 10,000, 8,000, 5,000, &c. Never before were such splendid prizes to be obtained for \$10—the almost incredible. Clubs should give this scheme their attention, and they will find the terms of Sylvester most advantageous. \$10
Take notice that I am licensed by the several States to vend tickets in all lotteries under the management of Yates & McIntyre, to whom I beg to refer those unacquainted with me. All orders by mail must come with attention as on personal application addressed to S. J. Sylvester, New York.
N.B. That valuable paper, the Reporter, enlarged, is published as usual, and sent gratis to all who send with Sylvester.

LAKE ONTARIO—The splendid steamer Great Britain, Capt. Joseph Whitney, propelled by two low pressure engines of 30 horse power each. The public are respectfully informed that the following arrangements have been made for the months of July, August, September and October. Will leave Prescott every Wednesday morning, viz: July 4, 11, 18, and 25, August 1, 8, 15, 22, and 29; September 5, 12, 19, and 26; October 3, 10, 17, 24, and 31—touching at Brockville, Kingston, Cobourg, Port Hope, York, and arrive at Niagara early on Friday morning. Will leave Niagara every Saturday afternoon, viz: July 7, 14, 21, and 28; August 4, 11, 18, and 25; September 1, 8, 15, 22, and 29; October 6, 13, 20, and 27—calling at Kingston and Brockville, and arrive at Prescott on Sunday evening.

The Ladies and Gentlemen's Cabins on board the Great Britain are finished in the same manner as the New-York and Liverpool Packet ships, with State Rooms; and to expense has been spared in furnishing and finishing the below in the most comfortable manner. Every endeavor will be used to accommodate passengers and ensure regularity.
Prescott, (U. C.) July 11, 1832. C. A. S.

HUDSON & NEW YORK STEAM TRANSPORTATION LINE FOR 1832.

Hudson Tow-boat Co.'s
Barge No. 1 (Capt. Peter G. Coffin), and Barge No. 2 (Capt. John T. Havran), will leave Hudson and New York alternately through the season, on the following days:
From Hudson—Fridays at 4 o'clock p.m., from their wharf south of the ferry.
From New York—Saturdays at 6 p.m. from the east side Coenties slip, corner of South street.

To be towed by the steamboat LEGISLATOR, Captain J. R. Coffin—for freight and passengers.
The steamboat Legislator will make one trip in each week without her barges, for light freight and passengers, viz: From Hudson, Tuesdays at 10 o'clock a.m.; and from New York, Wednesdays at 6 p.m.

Towing will be taken by the Legislator if required.
The barges will at all times be open for the accommodation of boarders in New York.

ap. 25. JOHN POWER, Agent.

FOR BULL'S FERRY AND FORT LEE.

Fare, 12 1/2 cents.

The low pressure steamboat John Jay, Capt. L. Wandell, will leave foot of Canal street every day, touching at the State Prison wharf, in front of W. Fosdick's store, where a regular office has been established, on and after the 1st of May until further notice, in the following order, viz:

Sundays—Leave Fort Lee at 5 o'clock a.m., 8 1/2 a.m., 1 p.m., and 6 p.m. Leave Bull's Ferry at 7 1/2 a.m., 10 a.m., 1 1/2 p.m., and 6 1/2 p.m. Leave Canal st. at 7 1/2 a.m., 11 a.m., 1 p.m., and 7 1/2 p.m.

Other days—Leave Fort Lee at 4 o'clock a.m., 8 1/2 a.m., 1 p.m., and 5 p.m. Leave Bull's Ferry at 7 1/2 a.m., 9 a.m., 1 1/2 p.m., and 5 1/2 p.m. Leave Canal st. at 7 1/2 a.m., 10 1/2 a.m., 3 p.m., and 6 1/2 p.m.

Horses, Cattle, Market Produce, and all articles of freight taken at the lowest rates.

STAGES will be in readiness to convey passengers to Hackensack, Paterson, or any place on the public roads leading from the landings. In the immediate vicinity of Fort Lee a pleasant and commodious establishment has been prepared for target excursions, which is well worth the attention of our different military companies. Apply on board, foot of Canal street, or at the store of Benjamin Mott, 311 Spring street, opposite Clinton market, or Washington Fosdick's, West street, one door north of Amos. May 9, c&i.

PASSAICK HOUSE, Belleville, N. Jersey.

D. PULLINGER, respectfully informs the public that she has opened as a hotel, that pleasantly situated house in Belleville, recently occupied by Mr. Isaac, where she will accommodate persons with board, by the day, week or year, on moderate terms. She has stages running from her house to Newark continually through the day, where passengers can take the Newark steamboat for New York. June 6-cd.

ALL OPERATIONS ON THE TEETH

PERFORMED on the most modern, improved, scientific principles, with the least possible pain, and correct professional skill. Gangrene of the teeth removed, and the decaying teeth rendered artificially sound, by stopping with gold, platinum, vegetable paste, metallic paste, silver or tin. Teeth nicely cleaned of salivary calculus, (tartar,) hence removing that peculiarly disgusting fetor of the breath. Irregularities in children's teeth prevented, in adults remedied. Teeth extracted with the utmost care and safety, and old stumps, fangs or roots remaining in the sockets, causing ulcers, gum piles, alveolar abscesses, and consequently an unpleasant breath, removed with nicety and ease.

Patent Aromatic Paste Dentifrice, for cleansing, beautifying, and preserving the teeth.

Imperial Compound Chlorine Balsamic Lotion, for hardening, strengthening, restoring, and renovating the gums.

CURE FOR TOOTH-ACHE.

Thomas White's Vegetable Tooth-Ache Drops, the only Specific ever offered to the public, from which a radical and permanent cure may be obtained, of that disagreeable, tormenting, excruciating pain, the Tooth-Ache.

The original certificate of the Patentee, from which the following extracts are taken, may be seen at the subscriber's Office, No. 5 Chambers-street, New York.

"The subscriber would respectfully inform the public, that he has communicated a knowledge of the ingredients of which his celebrated Tooth-Ache Drops are pharmaceutically and chemically compounded, to Dr. Jonathan Dodge, Surgeon Dentist, No. 5 Chambers-street, who will always have a supply of the genuine article on hand, of the subscriber's own preparing. And the subscriber most cordially and earnestly recommends to any and every person afflicted with diseased teeth, or suffering the excruciating torments of the tooth-ache, to call as above, and have the disease eradicated, and the pain forever and entirely removed. This medicine not only cures the tooth-ache, but also arrests the progress of decay in teeth, and where teeth are diseased and decaying, and so extremely sensitive to the touch as not to bear the necessary pressure for stopping or filling, by (say a few days) previous application of this medicine, the teeth may be plugged in the firmest manner, and without pain. As to the cure of the tooth-ache there ever have been and ever will be, sceptics; but to the suffering patient, even one application of this medicine will often give entire relief, as thousands of living witnesses can now testify, and where the medicine is carefully and properly applied, it is believed it will never fail of its intended effect. In conclusion, the subscriber assures the public, that White's Vegetable Tooth-Ache Drops, prepared by himself, Thomas White, the Patentee, can, at all times, in any quantity, be obtained in its utmost purity, of Dr. Jonathan Dodge, Surgeon Dentist, No. 5 Chambers-street, New-York. THOMAS WHITE, Patentee of Thomas White's Vegetable Tooth-Ache Drops."

"New-York, 8th mo. 24th, 1830."

Recommendations at length cannot be expected in the confined limits of a circular; it must therefore suffice to observe, that these drops receive the decided and unqualified approbation of the medical faculty, of eminent scientific individuals, of the public at large; of the savans of Europe, among whom may be mentioned Sir Astley Cooper, Professor Bell, Dr. Parr, and many of the nobility of London and Paris.

The subscriber, in his practice as a Dental Surgeon, having extensively used in the cure of the Tooth-Ache, Thomas White's "Vegetable Tooth-Ache Drops," and with decided success, he can recommend it, when genuine, as superior to any other remedy now before the public: If obtained of the subscriber and applied according to the accompanying "Directions for using," a cure is guaranteed.
JONATHAN DODGE,
No. 5 Chambers-street, N. Y.

LIVERPOOL AND N. YORK PACKETS.

Intended to sail,
1st, 10th, and 20th, of March, April, May and June,
1st and 15th of July, August, Sept. and Oct.
1st of Nov. Dec. January and February.

Rates of passage,
Cabin, \$100; second cabin, \$50; steerage, \$25, including provisions and every thing necessary for the comfort and convenience of the passengers.

For passage either to or from Liverpool, apply to
E. MACOMBER, 161 Maiden lane,
May 9, c&i. near South st. N. York.

MEDICATED SILK OIL D.

BY Luke Davies, at his old established U. S. Cap and Stock Manufactory, No. 102 William street, and 11 Arcade.

N.B. Certificates from the most eminent physicians of its mode of operating. June 23-cd.

PREPARED CHARCOAL!

THIS superior article, which stands now in a high reputation, has undergone a particular process, and then put up in neat bottles, which are now offered for sale by
DR. LEWIS FRECHTWANGER,
August 8-cd. 377 Broadway.

TO THE LADIES.

L. CHAPMAN, 69 William st. one door from Cedar, would call the attention of those ladies and gentlemen who are purchasing Fancy Articles, to his very choice and extensive stock of Work Boxes, Dressing Cases, Writing Desks, Miniature Cases, rich gilt and bronze Pocket Books, Card Cases, and Needle Books, all of which are finished in a superior style.
N.B. All the above articles manufactured to order, and a liberal discount made to dealers. Mar. 17.

SAMUEL KENNEDY,

CARVER, GILDER, and LOOKING GLASS MANUFACTURER, respectfully acquaints his friends and the public that in order the better to facilitate the various branches of his profession, he has removed from No. 20 Hudson street, to No. 5 Fourth street, between 6th Avenue and Washington Square, where every exertion is made to merit a share of public patronage, by excellence of work, moderation of prices, and punctuality in the execution of all orders he may be favoured with, wholesale and retail.

Chairs, mantle, and toilet looking-glasses; carved and gilt brackets; curtain and other ornaments; picture, needle work, and print frames; gilt mouldings in lengths, &c., all of the newest patterns, are constantly manufacturing. Old looking-glasses new silvered, framed, or taken in exchange. Old frames and ornaments re-gilt or repaired. Prints and paintings cleaned, stained and varnished. Picture-glass and looking-glass plates fitted to frames. Carved and gilt curtain ornaments made to any fancy, either from drawings or description in writing. All orders promptly and correctly executed for cash. May 16, c-i.

OPERATIONS ON THE TEETH.

MR. BRYAN, Surgeon Dentist, No. 21 Warren st. near Broadway, has now prepared for insertion a beautiful assortment of the best description of

INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH,
in imitation of human teeth, of unchangeable colour, and never liable to the least decay.

Mr. Bryan performs all necessary operations on the teeth, and in all applicable cases continues to use his

PATENT PERPENDICULAR TOOTH EXTRACTOR,
highly recommended by many of the most eminent physicians and surgeons of this city, whose certificates may be seen on application. The use of this instrument he reserves exclusively to himself in this city.

For further information relative to his Incorruptible Teeth, as well as respecting his manner of performing dental operations in general, Mr. Bryan has permission to refer to many respectable individuals and eminent physicians, among whom are the following: Valentine Mott, M.D., Samuel W. Moore, M.D., Francis E. Berger, M.D., D. W. Kissam, Jr. M.D., Amasa Wright, M.D., and John C. Cheesman, M.D. June 6-cm.

REMOVAL.
PIANO FORTE STORE,

395 Broadway, near Walkerst.
M. V. GREIGER begs leave to inform his friends, and the public that he has on hand an elegant assortment of the latest plan and fashion, with metallic plates, or without, and hopes, from his long experience, combined with a thorough knowledge of his business, to merit a share of public patronage, which it shall ever be his study to deserve; having served a lawful apprenticeship of seven years with a superior maker from London, with the practice of six since, making thirteen, is confident he is able to execute any order that might be given in the line of Piano Fortes. For materials, workmanship, tone and touch, they are warranted not to be surpassed by any. Old Pianos taken in part payment for new ones; likewise repaired and tuned, at the shortest notice. Also, the guitar pedal added to Piano Fortes.

N.B. Dealers are invited to call; they will be dealt with on the most reasonable terms. May 30-cd.

U. S. CAP MANUFACTORY,
OLD ESTABLISHMENT.

LUKE DAVIES informs his friends and the public, that he continues to manufacture CAPS for Gentlemen, Youths, and Infants, at his old established Store, No. 102 William-street, and No. 19 Arcade, where he keeps constantly on hand an extensive assortment of CAPS, STOCKS, GRAYAT SHIRTLEERS, PANTALOON-STRAPS and SPRINGS, VEST SPRINGS, SCENEDERS, GLOVES, &c. &c. manufactured under his own inspection, and of the best Materials. He has also his New Pattern Caps for the Spring and Summer, now ready for inspection. He also continues to manufacture Glazed and Oiled SILKS, of superior quality; Glazed, MEXLIN and OILED LINES, Patent Leather, &c.

Officers of the Navy and Army supplied with the most approved pattern Caps at the shortest notice.
N. B. All orders punctually attended to.
June 12-cd.

NEW WASHINGTON BATH,

No. 12 Fourth-st.

BETWEEN SIXTH AVENUE and Washington square THE proprietor of this Bath, encouraged by his numerous and increasing patrons, has at a very great expense built a more commodious bathing house, adjoining his former one, and which is now open, and fitted up with every convenience for Gentlemen exclusively. The former bathing house is reserved for the use of Ladies only; to which there is a separate and distinct entrance, and to whom every accommodation and attendance will be afforded.

He has also added two separate rooms in front, which he intends to keep supplied with a variety of recreations, newspapers, &c. and no attention will be wanting to make this concern equal, if not superior, to any similar establishment "down town," while the well known salubrity of the village air, and the especial purity and softness of its water, cannot but recommend it to all those who would enjoy the luxury, and the health preserving virtues of the bath.

Single tickets, 25 cents; five tickets, \$1; fifteen tickets, \$2 50; thirty-five tickets, \$5; and eighty tickets, \$10. May 9, c&i.